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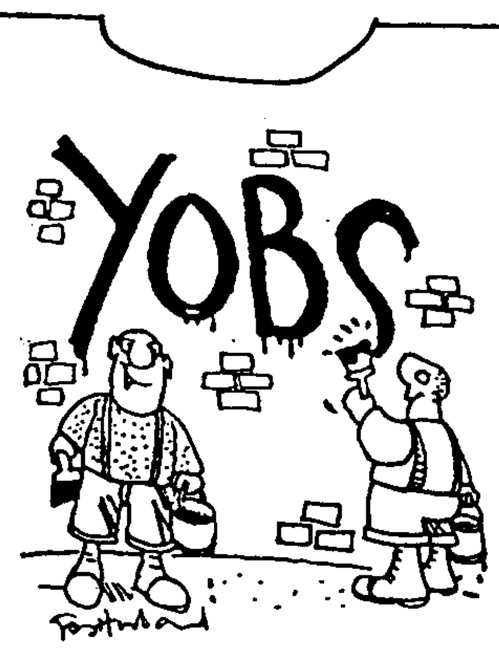


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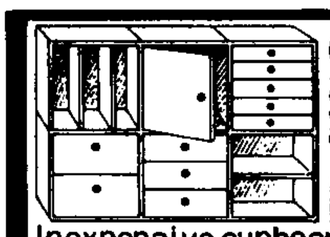

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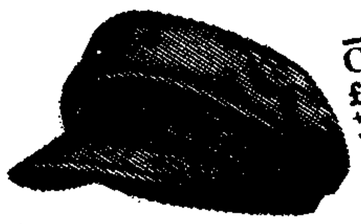

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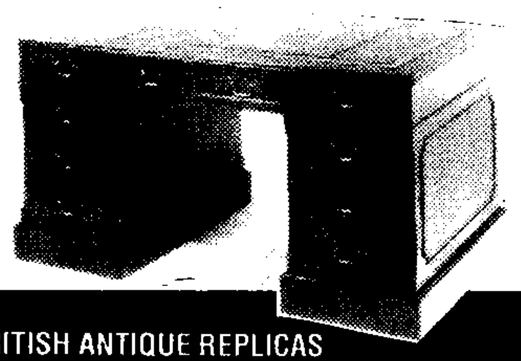

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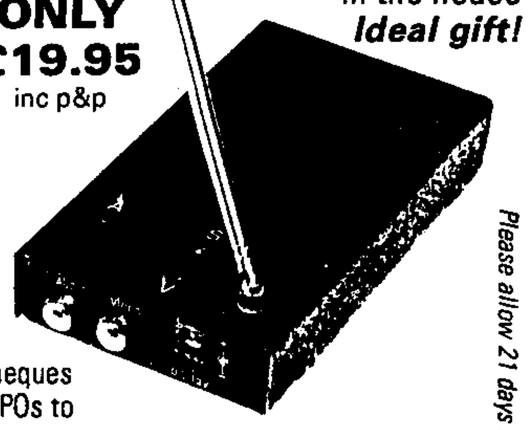

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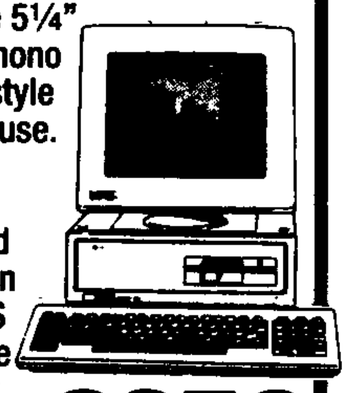

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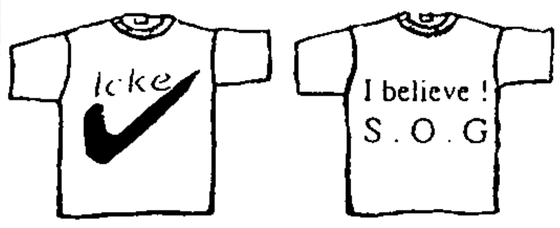


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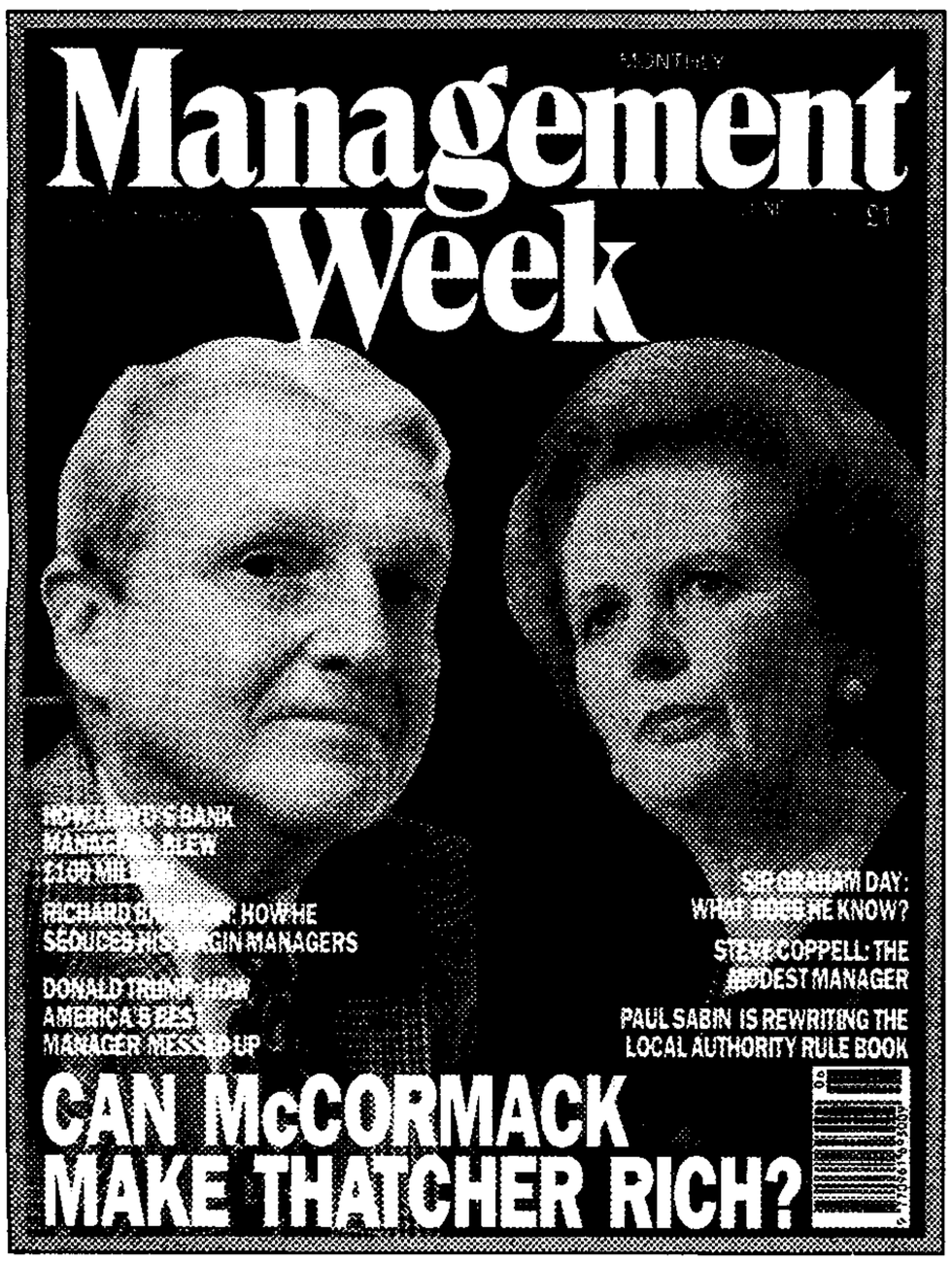
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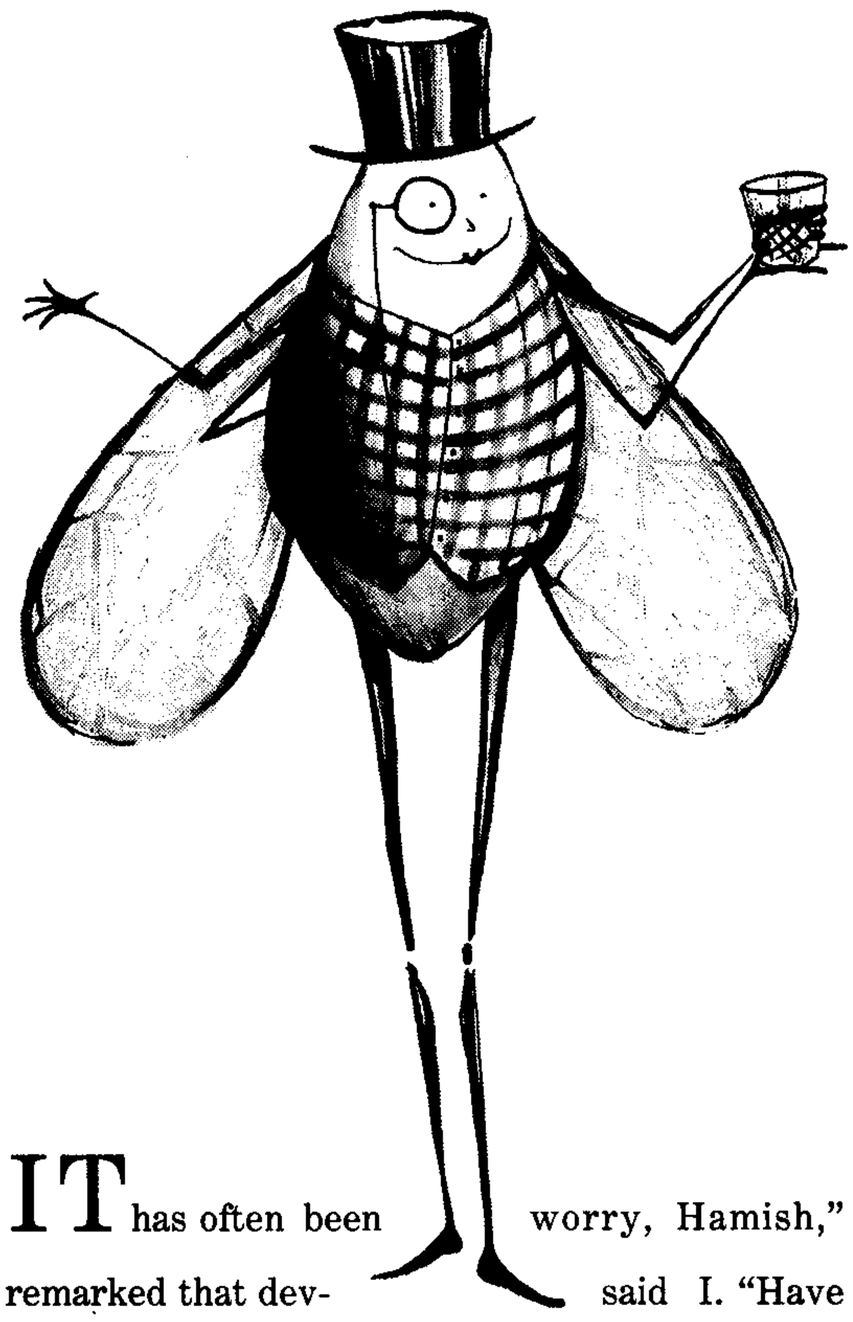

IT has often been remarked that devotees of The Macallan Malt Whisky nurture an almost mystical belief in the 'water of life' qualities of their favourite dram. But seldom has it found such expression as in the following true anecdote kindly related to us by Mr C. Wemyss of Ravenhead, Notts.

'My friend Hamish, at a pre-Christmas party in my garden, found a fly had landed in his glass, and drowned. "Don't worry, Hamish," said I. "Have another Macallan in a clean glass." "I shall do nothing of the sort," he replied, removing the tiny creature from his glass and sipping the sherry-gold elixir.

"The Macallan never hurt a fly, and nor does a fly hurt the Macallan!" Ten minutes later indeed the insect stirred and flew off.

"There you are," said Hamish triumphantly. "And now you can give me a *gnat's more.*" '

*The Macallan. The Malt.*

# Gnome

GNOME TV has now placed its bid for the Meridian Weekend Breakfast Border Region franchise and I am quietly confident of success.

It is not merely my enormous cash bid, nor my impressive reputation in the television industry (chairman TV-Cornflake, March 1982-April 1982) nor even the illustrious names of my colleagues in the Gnome Consortium, *viz* Ronnie Spangle, Host of TV's top quiz show, *Name That Fruit*, and Simon Greyman (top accountant at TVW who bought the repeat showing rights of *They Flew to Bruges* (1948 B/W) which made last Easter such an unforgettable TV occasion.

No, it is more than this. It is Gnome TV's clear demonstration over the last three months that it *can* make *top quality* programming.

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pp Lord Gnome
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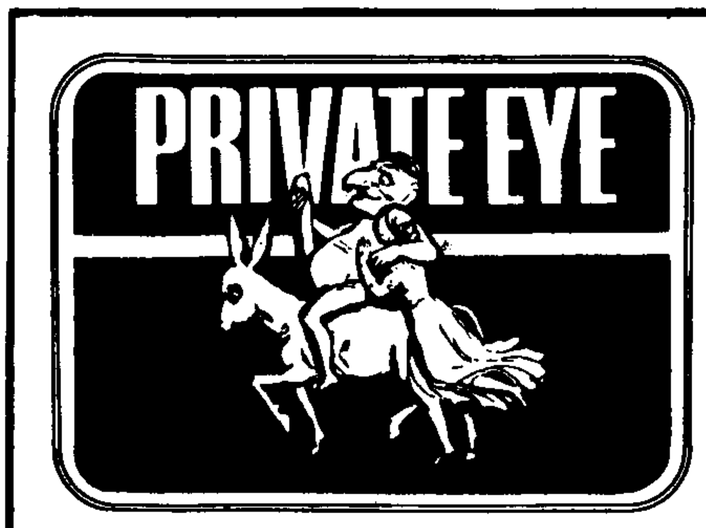


# COLOUR SECTION

**UPPER-CLASS twit of the year William Waldegrave has been having a rough ride of it — and not just for his pisspoor performance as a BUPA-subscribing Health Secretary. He has also antagonised the people who matter — the pro-Thatcher spooks in MI5.**

Not long ago when he was Just William, junior Foreign Office minister, he was "planted" with "information" that the KGB was blackmailing Labour MPs. He took the story to an off-the-record lunch with a BBC political correspondent who was so impressed (the story was checked and re-checked during a most agreeable — and expensive — meal) that he persuaded his superiors to run it as the lead story in *The Nine O'Clock News*.

When the story turned out to be entirely false, MI5 slunk out of the way, leaving the wretched Waldegrave to face the fury of the BBC and (much worse) his boss, Mrs Thatcher, who summoned him to Downing Street for a stern dressing-down.

Ever since, the Thatcher gang in MI5 (who are not dissimilar in their extreme views and reckless interventionism in domestic politics from the old Wright Gang which plotted against Harold Wilson) branded Waldegrave a pinko prig. And when Waldegrave openly abandoned Thatcher in the leadership elections last autumn, he became a marked man.

The recent campaign to make him the fall-guy for the Tory disasters at the polls starts with the same old MI5 gang. A clear sign of this is that the "news" that Waldegrave's days are numbered always appears first in the *Daily Express* — MI5's favourite newspaper. So "definite" are the rumours that the editor, Thatcher knight Sir Nicholas Lloyd, usually puts them on the front page.

Meanwhile Waldegrave is desperately trying to distance himself from the private medical sector and doesn't want to reply on his apparently more or less accidental membership of BUPA. However, it seems his name will continue to be linked with the private medecine outfit for some time to come.

For the Department of Health is currently promoting its Return to Nursing scheme, designed to update the skills of former nurses wanting to return to the NHS after career breaks. Television, correspondence courses and extra-mural classes are all used, the logic being that the state spends vast sums to train nurses which is wasted if they leave the NHS and fail to return.

Strangely, however, the scheme is sponsored by an organisation that itself trains no nurses, doctors, radiographers or lab technicians — BUPA. Not only is BUPA's logo prominently displayed on course literature, but the company gets a plug in the credits on the television programmes shown on Channel 4.

The bad news for Waldegrave is that while trouble mounts on all sides, he cannot rely too heavily on the support of the prime minister. He did not endear himself to Major by suggesting during the leadership election (in which Waldegrave supported Hurd) that Major might not be up to the job intellectually. Although Major disapproves of the smear tactics of the Thatcher Gang, he is not prepared to intervene too quickly on Just William's behalf and his assurance that he supported his health supremo to the hilt was not a little lukewarm.

---

**THE Commons select committee on defence is behaving very oddly over its once-promised inquiry into the Colin Wallace affair.**

Soon after Wallace received £30,000 last year for being wrongly sacked by the Ministry of Defence in 1975, several committee members demanded a full-scale inquiry into the affair. In particular, some were anxious to discover how crucial documents about Wallace had mysteriously gone missing and who were the two ministry officials who nobbled the Civil Services Appeals Board, warning the chairman of the time, Sir Leslie Williams, that Wallace was a bad 'un and had no business winning his appeal.

When Wallace heard the committee was intending to investigate his story, he was delighted — but he publicly protested that the investigation should not be led by its chairman, Michael Mates MP. Wallace pointed out that Mates had served in Northern Ireland with him in the 1970s, and had had connections with military intelligence which might affect his judgement. Mates protested in turn that there was no recognisable conflict, and initially resisted the idea of looking into the Wallace affair at all. But as pressure grew on him from other committee members, Mates appeared to concede — and the committee announced that some sort of inquiry would take place.

Now, however, the matter seems to have been dropped. For reasons which are not entirely clear (despite repeated demands from at least two members of the committee) it seems that once again the Wallace story is being "passed over for the time being".

---

**THE London Fire Brigade (chief executive Gerrald Clarkson) has secured another winning purchase of six "Bronto" sky-lift turntable ladders costing £380,000 each: nobody in the brigade wants them; very few are trained to use them; and only one London station — Tottenham — has the facilities to house such a monster.**

While the Brontos can reach up 33 metres, roughly nine floors of a standard office block, the standard turn-table ladder can reach 30 metres, or eight floors, and costs half as much — £185,000. When junior officers were asked for their views on the new ladders, they replied forcefully that they were a complete waste of money and that most London office streets could not accommodate the new, hugely wide eight-axled vehicles. The overwhelming advice was against the purchase — but the fire brigade went ahead and bought them at a net loss (assuming the ordinary ladders had been bought instead) of more than £1 million.

After clinching the deal, the brigade had second thoughts and tried to withdraw, but the suppliers are standing firm on the contract. The immediate problem, therefore, is where to put the new ladder. In Brixton, a brilliant solution has been hit upon — Brixton Bus Station. So if there's a fire which needs it, firemen will have to dash down to the bus depot station to get their ladder, by which time, more than probably, the fire will have done its worst.

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● *Ingham Uncensored – see page 7*

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*"Don't mind Gerald – he's just being friendly"*

**NO SOONER had the last *Eye* gone to press — reporting that Cuban-heeled, hamster-cheeked *Indie* chieftain Matthew Symonds had "retreated to his concrete lair, snarling" — than the mutant rodent charged out of the lair again, foaming and slavering.**

Within a week, aided and abetted by the very ex-saintly Andreas Whittam Strobes, Symonds had devoured the *Indie's* Sunday newspaper and its editor, Stephen Glover.

Strobes, Symonds and Glover were the triumvirate who founded the *Indescribablyboring* in 1986. What makes Symonds's *coup* against his co-founder all the more breathtaking is that it was Glover who saved Symonds from being sacked even before the *Indie* began publication.

Back in the summer of 1986, when staff were being hired for the new paper, Symonds told news editor Chris McKane to hire a talented young hackette called Jo McAfee. In spite of Symonds's assurances that he could vouch for her experience, a suspicious McKane asked to see samples of her work. Symonds then went to the features editor, John Morrison, and urged *him* to hire the brilliant Ms McAfee. Morrison, being either less rigorous or perhaps more deferential, duly obliged his boss.

It was a surprising appointment: Ms McAfee was a lawyer working for Butterworth's, the legal publishers, and was notably short of newspaper experience. However, she did have one useful qualification: she was Matthew Symonds' mistress.

Just before she took up her new job, Whittam Strobes discovered what was afoot. He furiously ordered Symonds to cancel McAfee's appointment. Symonds obeyed. But, to mollify his mistress, he took her off on a jaunt to the United States — which he then claimed on expenses.

Strobes was even more indignant when he discovered this new outrage. He began to wonder if Symonds shouldn't be ditched forthwith before he caused the paper any more embarrassment. But Glover interceded on behalf of the Cuban-heeled lothario and, after much pleading, persuaded Strobes to give Symonds another chance and keep him in the team.

Last week the hamster finally repaid Glover for saving him all those years ago: he ousted him.

**NEXT ISSUE:** 20 More Things You Never Knew About Matthew Symonds. (All late submissions welcome.)

**MEANWHILE the *Sindie*'s "number three" editor, Sebastian Faulks, has been smarting at the disrespectful treatment he has received from one of the paper's financial hacks, Nicholas Faith.**

When the *Sindie* decided to cover the frost that has laid waste the grape crop of south-west France, Faulks insisted he should be sent instead of Faith, who is acknowledged to be an expert on the French wine trade.

The resulting dreary piece by Faulks contained the following cryptic reference: "Luckily have phone number of World's Greatest Expert (WGE). Sure to give tips. Ring WGE. He confirms that he *is* WGE, but otherwise declines to help. Perhaps thinks *he* should be doing this story. Perhaps dead right."

In fact, having snatched away the plum assignment from Faith, Faulks had assumed that he could then pick Faith's brains about Bordeaux. When he telephoned him and made this request, Faith greeted him with the words: "Fuck off, Sebastian" and put the phone down.

Faulks has since written an anguished memo to Faith, which he has copied to his editor (*Which Ed? Ed.*) as follows:

*Dear Nicholas,*

*It is over a week since our telephone conversation and I have waited in vain for some word from you.*

*The way you spoke to me was an appalling way to speak to anyone. As a way of addressing one of the founders of the paper you work for, particularly at a time like this, it seems to me unforgivable.*

Faulks's nickname on the *Sindie* is "J. Danforth" Faulks after the buffoonish US vice-president J. Danforth Quayle. This is because every time the *Sindie*'s editor Stephen Glover (decd.), has been away, another senior editor has had to be found to ensure Faulks was not left running the show.

**WHATEVER has happened to Fleet Street's much-travelled Henry Porter, late of the *Sunday Times*, the *Illustrated London News*, the *Sunday Despondent*, the *Sindie* and the... (*Watch this space. Ed.*)?**

Once known for his wit and mischief, Piss-Porter has become terminally glum and the stress of internal feuding at the *Sindie* has clearly driven him bonkers.

At a rowdy and convivial recent lunch at Lord Gnome's, Piss-Porter sat in a coma, silent for two hours apart from an occasional frightened start when the name of his boss Andreas Whittam Strobes was mentioned.

Suddenly he interrupted the gaiety and launched into a long monologue about how boring he found all journalists and how little of interest any of them had to say for themselves. A few heads shook sadly as Streep-Porter then lapsed again into melancholy torpor, his eyes swivelling and his cigar drooping from his downturned mouth as he toyed listlessly with his food.

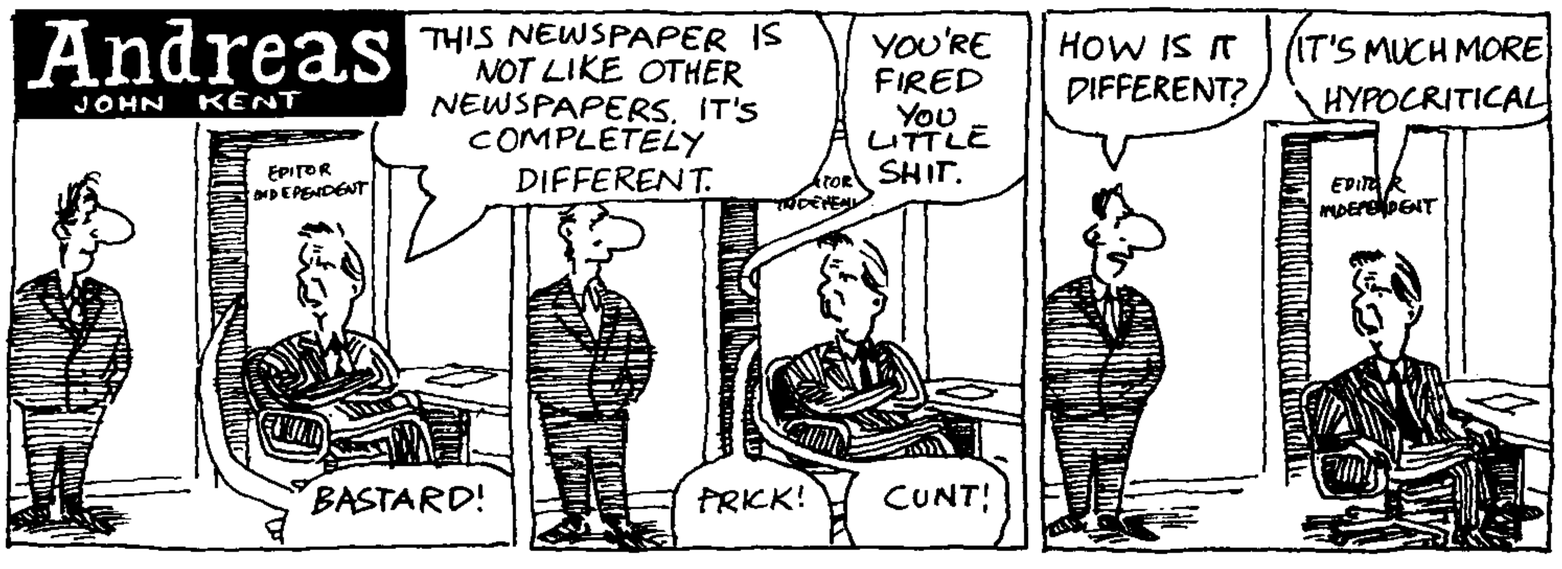
Whittam Strobes has much to answer for.

**AMONG *The European's* increasingly complicated management — now swollen by more than a dozen refugees from the *Sunday Correspondent* (decd.) — at least one executive knows where she is going. Dominique "Dee" Jackson is stuck on the down escalator.**

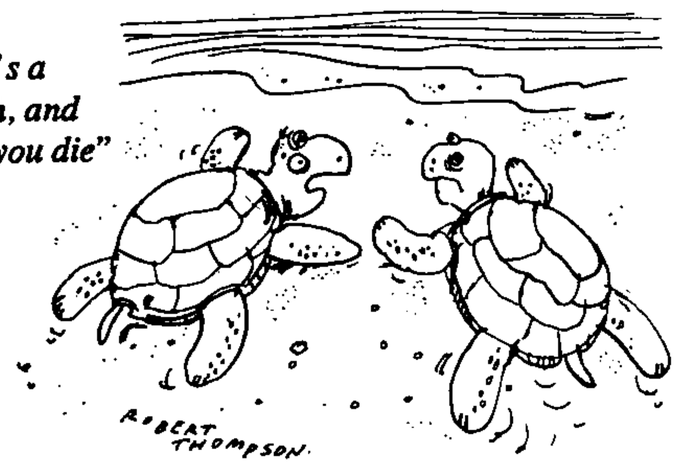
The gorgeous pouting hackette started life on *Le Pisse-Pauvre* as deputy news editor, an appointment which had nothing to do with her close friendship with one of Cap'n Bob's sons.

When news editor David Harrison was sacked, the husky-voiced Jackson was demoted to number two in features — a fledgling department with only two staff. Now that's been disbanded as part of the relaunch (and its editor, Walter "Mr Glum" Ellis has gone), Jackson has returned to news, but in a more humble role.

The multilingual hackette's new task is to translate headlines from Europe's better-read newspapers (i.e. almost all of them) into English for the benefit of editor John Bryant, a man whose grasp of foreign languages seems to be distressingly slight.




*"Life's a beach, and then you die"*




**NOT EVERYONE enjoyed the enthusiastic public relations article for Gifi Fields, the owner of "leading design house" Coppernob, in *Mirror Woman* on 8 May.**

The piece was typical of the unblushing praise which fills up this supplement and quoted Gifi Fields at length on what a wonderful company Coppernob is and how utterly magnificent is its new "high-class, low-cost collection".

Strangely there was no reference to the closing, that very week, of Coppernob's factory at Skelmersdale. Nor to the sacking (with a week's notice) of 200 clothing workers; nor to the fact that the 200 will have to wait three or four months for their redundancy money (and will probably have to whistle for their holiday money): nor even to the tasteful name recently imposed on the doomed Skelmersdale operation by Coppernob: Team Spirit Ltd.

**JUST A MONTH ago the *Sunday Mirror*'s senior executives were anxious to dispel the idea that the paper harassed alleged rape victims. Rival papers were asked to correct claims that the *Mirror* had been first to name the woman allegedly raped in the Kennedy compound in Florida.**

The rivals generally gave in and published retractions demanded by the *Mirror*'s outgoing editor, Eve Pollard. Surprisingly, however, last Sunday's edition not only *named* an alleged rape victim but published a photograph of her in the context of clearing a footballer with Derby County (prop. R Maxwell MC) of involvement in the incident. No doubt this oversight occurred amid the tearful atmosphere following La Bollard's departure to the *Sunday Express*.

**ROBIN MORGAN, erstwhile editor of the *Sunday Express*, has been causing a stir at *City Limits*, the radical weekly listings rag where he is acting editor.**

There has also been much wailing about Morgan's new editorial policy. Having read a *Daily Torygraph* feature about an English girl who went to New York with barely a penny and who now, a few years later, is a Wall Street high-flyer and millionairess, he decided that *City Limits* should carry the story and he even put a very expensive picture of the girl, who happens to be quite pretty, on the front cover. Already, several advertisers are threatening to withdraw their custom.

**HACKS on the many magazines owned by Michael Heseltine's Haymarket Publishing — including such scintillating journals as *Conference and Incentive Travel* as well as better-known titles like *Campaign* — staged a two-day strike recently in protest at the company's plan to "de-recognise" the National Union of Journalists and end collective bargaining.**

No member of management has been more zealous in trying to force through this change than Lance Knobel, the editorial director of a group of mags within Haymarket, who has now become something of an ogre to the NUJ.

Strangely, this union-bashing boss is the very same Lance Knobel who, only last year, acted as an "editorial consultant" for the relaunch of *Marxism Today*.

### For The Record

**On 29 March *Private Eye* published an item about alleged incidents at a *Daily Record* editorial conference involving Editor-in-Chief, Endell Laird.**

We now accept there is no truth whatever in the allegations and as a consequence we apologise unreservedly to Mr Laird and have agreed to pay him damages and his legal costs.

**THE RECENT row over John Major and the doctoring of Hansard after he mistakenly quoted "the British Medical Association's own magazine" as supporting the Tories' NHS reforms caused many smirks in Parliament.**

What the prime minister *should* have said was that support for the reforms appeared in *General Practitioner* magazine, which has nothing to do with the BMA, who oppose the reforms. But no one should be unduly surprised that *GP* is on the side of the Tories. It is of course produced by Haymarket Publishing, at least half of which is still owned by none other than millionaire Tory cabinet minister, Michael Heseltine.

*"We're not bad losers – we're getting very good at it"*

**BRITISH officials at the United Nations have negotiated a ceasefire — with the UN secretariat.**

At the end of April, John Major's officials told fawning lobby hacks that the prime minister had sent a stiff complaint to UN secretary-general Javier Perez de Cuellar over the UN's reluctance to take responsibility for the Kurdish "safe haven" in northern Iraq.

The UN released the text, which proved as bland as its signatory and contained no hint of the abrasiveness the lobby had been led to expect. In fact, an informal agreement had been reached: if sources close to Number Ten stopped knocking the UN, the UN would not publicly point out the fatuity of the allegations.

Indeed de Cuellar seems to have had a spine transplant in recent weeks. He knows, as do Bush and Major, that no matter how morally worthy, it was against international law to move troops into northern Iraq without the invitation of Iraq or — even less likely — the explicit say so of the Security Council. The latter will not give its approval because even the supine Soviets and Chinese remember that the UN action against Iraq was precisely because Hussein had breached the charter on non-intervention.

Major's letter says: "I doubt if there has ever been a tragedy on this scale which has posed such a challenge to the international community" — an argument that will not impress the Palestinians or Cambodians, whose Khmer Rouge butchers still occupy the country's seat at the UN, nor even the drowning Bangladeshis.

But then the British government has always shown inconsistency towards the Kurds: broken promises after the first world war were responsible for their present predicament of not being able to speak their own language in Turkey, nor to speak at all in Iraq, in case a Baathist is listening. They cannot even offer the Kurds autonomy, since our Turkish allies will annex the area if this happens.

# The faithful St Bernard

**THE Government's well-publicised censorship of Bernard Ingham's ghastly autobiography, *Kill the Messenger*, has been more extensive than so far reported.**

The uncorrected proofs, which Ingham submitted to Whitehall for approval, ran to 403 pages of text. The final version of the book, which went on sale last week, contains only 398. Some 2,000 words of Bernard's ineffable prose ended up on the cabinet room floor.

**On the July 1989 cabinet reshuffle:**

● "Sir Geoffrey Howe, the former Foreign Secretary, had stood on his dignity and demanded — and eventually obtained — the courtesy title of deputy Prime Minister..."

● "David Waddington, the Chief Whip, popped in to let me know that Sir Geoffrey was complaining bitterly about my publicly downgrading the post of Deputy Prime Minister. I promptly exploded and wrote a letter of complaint to Sir Geoffrey whose so-called friends had done both himself and the Government serious damage."

● "I had an extremely frosty meeting on Thursday 27 July, with Sir Geoffrey Howe before he held his first lobby as Leader of the House. I subsequently minimized my contacts with him. I left no one in any doubt of my disgust at the treatment and misrepresentation I had received from his camp."

**On Michael Heseltine:**

● "You can wave as many maces as you like in the House of Commons and you can flounce out of Cabinet on to the back benches, but if you are prepared to tear your own Government apart over a £30 million company then a lot of people are going to think you really lack judgement."

● "My impression was that the Cabinet profoundly wished to avoid Mr Heseltine walking into Number 10 as Prime Minister. My interpretation of their advice, individually expressed, to Mrs Thatcher was that since they could not be sure she could win they had to make sure Mr Heseltine did not do so."

**On Adam Raphael's story, that Ingham had told Colette Bowe to leak the solicitor-general's letter with the words "You'll ****ing well do what you're ****ing well told":**

● "I then asked him who had fed him this concoction. Somewhat pathetically, he gave me to understand that it had been a Minister. I replied sarcastically: 'Yes. And I bet I know who it is. And I'll bet I can tell you which bar in which club he told you.' " Mr Raphael did not look a happy man. The Minister I had in mind was neither Leon Brittan nor Michael Heseltine."

**On his 1985 lobby briefing on the pound, which led to a disastrous run on sterling:**

● "It was also the next day that I got the Treasury treatment. I was called to a large meeting in the Chancellor's rooms in Number 11 Downing Street. It was not convened for my good. For once, I had the presence of mind to put them in baulk. As I settled into a chair I found myself confronted with the Chancellor, Nigel Lawson, Peter Lilley, his Parliamentary Private Secretary, Sir Peter Middleton, Permanent Secretary, and sundry other officials. I decided that boldness would be my friend. I said that I had just come from a meeting with the Prime Minister who had agreed with me that the one good thing to come out of all this would be that we would acquire a policy. This caused the company to seethe in protest. But policy we got. Interest rates were raised more decisively than they had been on the previous Friday. I told the Prime Minister later that this would do the Government no longer-term damage. The timing mid term could in the end be helpful."

**On the Germans:**

● "They had smelled reunification and, let us not mince words, were looking and sounding unreliable."

**On the Italians:**

● "[Mrs Thatcher] suffered the abuse of small men — and they came no smaller than our Italian hosts in Rome in October 1990."

● "The atmosphere at Rome Mark I at the end of October had been disgraceful. I had had my bellyful of these male chauvinists who said one thing and did another. They deserved Mrs Thatcher and they needed her to keep them in order. They will have to manage without her now. Serve them right."

**On the French:**

● "She could seldom count on the Germans to stand firm on an issue but she could always rely on the French to be French, and President Mitterrand to flirt."

**On the Europeans:**

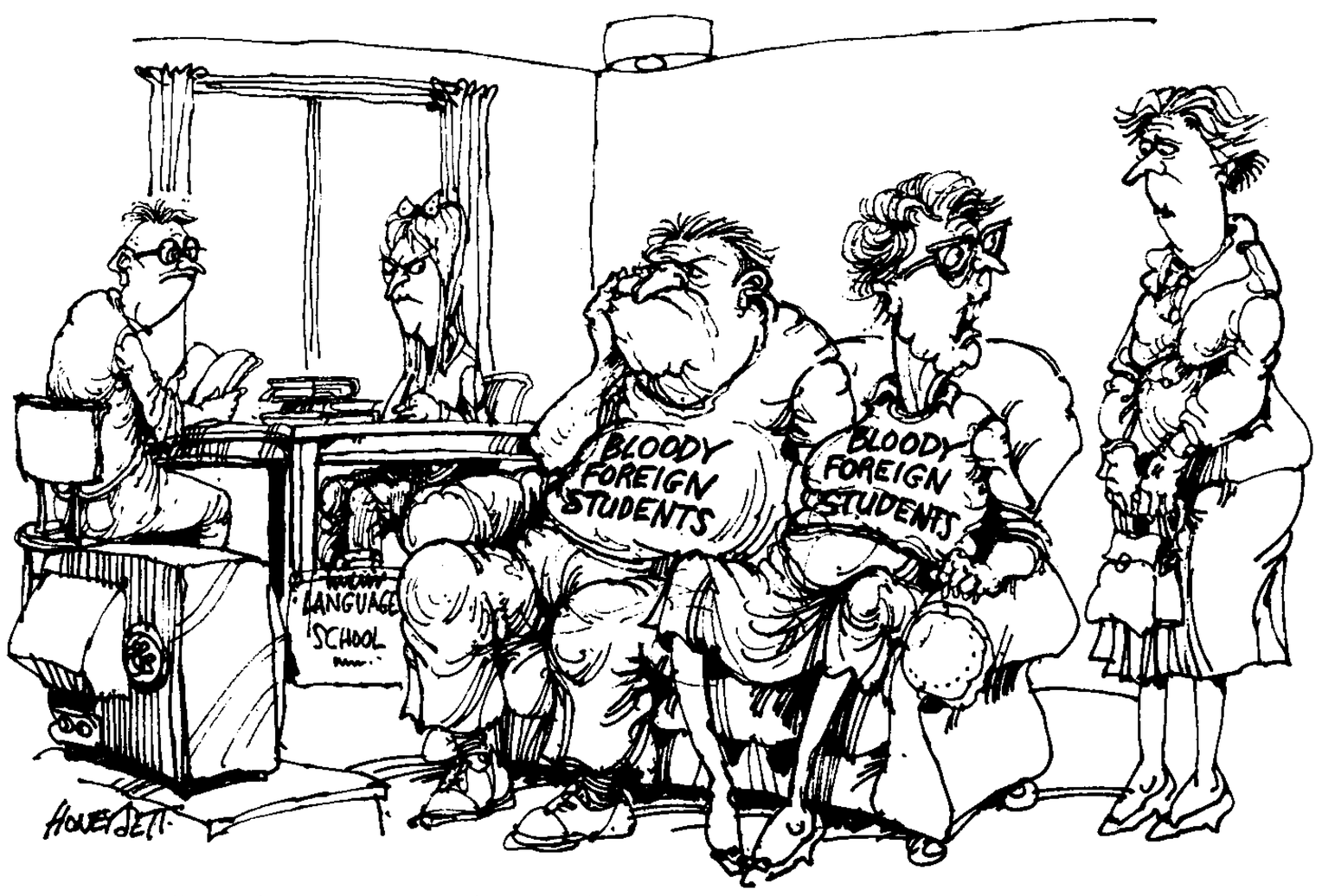
● "What I do not expect — or accept — is the nastiness and cynicism of which the European Community, and its stage army of journalists, became capable in my time. I grew to regard the whole circus as something sent to try us."

● "It became clear that Mrs Thatcher and most, but not all, of the rest inhabited different worlds with different values."

All these passages were cut on the ludicrous grounds that they either damaged the national interest or that they revealed private conversations with ministers. Needless to say, all show Bernard to have been an entirely neutral civil servant, who was not too big for his boots, who never rubbished anybody, and who was definitely not rude about foreigners.

*© Sir Robin Butler*

***'Backbiter'***




*"I can't say we enjoy having them to stay but the money's useful"*

**WHILE the nation's proles are told to show restraint in their demands for pay rises, I am drawn to the fine example set by the president of the CBI, Sir Brian "Lawrence of Arabia" Corby, and the group of which he is chairman, the Prudential.**

**While Sir Brian is always ready to proclaim the virtue of modest pay increases for bosses in commerce and industry, the Pru has raised the salary of its chief executive, "Mick-the-Bruiser" Newmark, from £379,651 to £546,673 in a single year, and Sir Brian has approved rises of up to 20 percent for the Pru's five executive directors.**

**His own salary hasn't fared too badly either. Over the three years prior to his retirement as chief executive in 1990, it trebled.**

I AM GREATLY relieved that the Wedding of the Year — between Sir Peregrine Worsthorne, former editor of the *Sunday Torygraph*, and Lady Lucinda Lambton — went off without a hitch. For Lucinda's pre-wedding birthday lunch at Glynn Boyd Harte's Percy Street residence the day before was marred by an unseemly row between the two lovebirds.

Lady Lucinda, whom Sir Perishing so rightly refers to as "Lolita", suddenly exclaimed "This wedding is off!" before storming out of the house with the silver-haired lothario dashing down the street after her to offer his soothing solicitations.

The event was also spoilt by a theft when the handbag of one of the guests, hackette Glenys Roberts, was stolen from the house by an opportunistic thief who had wandered in off the street. La Roberts was more distressed at losing her priceless filofax than anything else and asked Sir Perishing whether she should put an advert in the *Sunday Torygraph*, offering a reward for its return. Sir Perishing then asked: "Does the *Sunday Telegraph* take ads?"

"Really!" said Lucinda. "No wonder you were sacked."

The wedding itself, I am glad to say, was a delightful occasion with Lucinda announcing afterwards: "Everyone must come and be hugged, kissed and *squeezed* by me, because I love you all." Sadly I had to leave before I could be enfolded in her generous embrace.

**I AM DEEPLY worried by the mental health of my friend Ken Livingstone. While there is little doubt about Ken's physical prowess — he once boasted to a would-be conquest that he rises each morning like a broomstick — his rantings about his leader, Neil Kinnock, are increasingly unhinged.**

**Speaking at a fund-raising dinner on Merseyside last month, Ken had the temerity to brand Kinnock "a psychopath". Then, mingling with guests, the member for Brent East complained bitterly that the Welsh Windbag had not spoken to him for six years.**

**I fear that the former leader of the GLC has himself taken leave of his senses. Or has he?**

# Pseuds Corner

**Fingers are in touch with your most intimate parts. The only finger-work I can bear are the immaculate digits of sushi chefs whose hands are constantly under running water.**

**STEVEN BERKOFF**
**Guardian**

*One knows when one's friends have aged well when one's viscounts become earls and one's marquesses become dukes without one noticing any change.*

**SUE CREWE**
**Evening Standard**

Nearly 20 years ago, I was lent a beautiful blackcurrant-coloured Rolls for one weekend. Soon after picking it up I stopped at a traffic light and a London taxi drew alongside.

The driver was a West Indian — an uncommon sight at that time. He looked me up and down and ran his eyes up and down the full length of the car. He then looked me straight in the eye and I waited for the rebuke.

There was a tense pause and then his face lit up with a dazzling smile and he gave me a two-handed "thumbs up". No trace of resentful envy, only a gesture of congratulations.

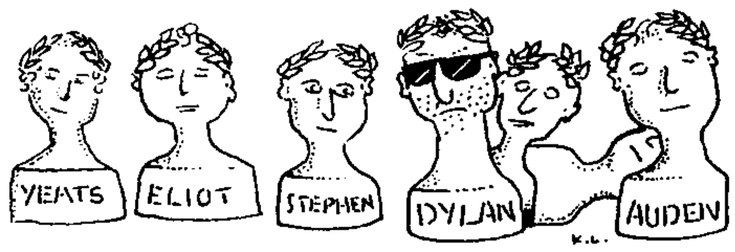
**LORD GREENHILL**
**OF HARROW**
**Letter to Independent**

**Lord Greenhill's letter reminded me of an occasion a few years back when driving my Rolls-Royce. I stopped at traffic lights alongside a youngster pushing a barrow. He looked at me, his lips curled in resentment.**

**"Good morning," I volunteered. "I started off at your age delivering groceries on a bike." His face was transformed by a huge grin. "Good on you, guv'ner," he said in pure Cockney.**

**The lights changed, we both moved off, uplifted by our brief encounter.**

**LIONEL ACTON**
**Letter to Independent**




I'd suggest that the major media commission lengthy essays that examine [Bob] Dylan's works as a minstrel, sympathetically accounting the progression of his phases of interest, empathetically tracing his technical, ethical, religious and political moves in a reasonable way, absent of smart-alec cynicism, motivated by an admiration for his obvious intelligence, abundance, maintenance of dignified privacy and ability to manifest humane changes of spirit and thought — that he be accorded the same dignities as Yeats, Eliot, Stevens, Bunting, Pound and other twentieth-century poetic peers.

**ALLEN GINSBERG**
**The Times**

Irigaray, Luce, **Marine Lover of Friedrich Nietzsche**, tr. Gillian Gill, 176pp. In this volume, the first in a trilogy, the author "links the interrogation of the feminine in post-Hegelian philosophy with a pre-Socratic investigation of the elements. [She] undertakes to interrogate Nietzsche, the grandfather of poststructuralist philosophy, from the point of view of water."

**Blackwell's Spring Catalogue**

*CONTRIBUTORS: Steve McNally, Ian Hardee, Dave Holton, Jonathan Milne, Jeremy Tarrant, Eric Wolf.*

**£10 paid for entries**

HARDLY a week goes by without my reading yet another adulatory profile of Sir Ian MacLaurin, the £1.5 million-a-year chairman of Tesco. As if recent issues of the *Sunday Times* and the *Sindie* were not bad enough, the new official history of Tesco, *Counter Revolution*, is even more lavish in its hagiography of the grandiose grocer.

Most of these accounts note that he has a wife, Ann, whom he married in 1961. But none of them has yet revealed that she was the daughter of a man named Edgar Collar — who happened to be Tesco's vice-chairman at the time and was widely regarded as the right-hand man of Sir Jack Cohen, the firm's founder-chairman.

It was after his marriage that MacLaurin's effortless rise through the ranks at Tesco began in earnest: within 12 years he was managing director of the entire group; 12 years after that he became chairman.

Clearly the fact that he had wed the vice-chairman's daughter was entirely irrelevant and indeed unimportant. Otherwise why is it never mentioned?

● *I WAS APPALLED by Nicholas Fairbairn's speech to the Scottish Tories, in which he argued that victims of the Bangladeshi cyclone should be bombarded with condoms rather than food or medicine.*

*However, Nicky's evangelical zeal on the subject of condoms is nothing new. Back in the 1960s he helped to set up a clinic in Edinburgh where contraceptives were dispensed liberally. He was also a keen supporter of the gorgeous pouting feminist Ms Anna Coote, who as editor of the student newspaper at St Andrew's University was waging a fierce campaign to make the authorities provide free contraceptives for all undergraduates.*

*So taken was he with the divine Ms Coote that he asked her to lunch at the Cafe Royal, after which he invited her to come and inspect his clinic. Halfway through showing her around the premises, Nicky suggested that they should recline on his office sofa for "a rest" — whereupon he pounced, begging her to help him road-test a condom or two. Ms Coote, I need hardly add, made her excuses and left.*

TO THE Waldorf Hotel, where Captain Robert Maxwell MC has invited me to celebrate the first anniversary — and the latest relaunch — of his peculiar newspaper *The European*.

As I quaff my fifth glass of champagne, I learn to my disappointment that our host will not be joining us after all. The Cap'n's son, Ian Maxwell, informs me that his father has been "detained in Bulgaria".

For a brief happy moment I assume he has been arrested and thrown into the cells, perhaps to stand trial in Sofia alongside his old chum Todor Zhivkov, the poisoned umbrella specialist. Alas, no. It turns out that Cap'n Bob has merely missed his plane.

Meanwhile we all stand around and admire the "relaunch" issue of *The European*, which includes an article from France written by one Nick Rosen. Through excessive modesty, however, the paper neglects to mention that Rosen is Robert Maxwell's nephew.

**I LEARN more about the mysterious Nicholas Brooks (see last *Eye*), caught pilfering various items from the Groucho Club after a publisher's launch party.**

**Brooks has enjoyed brief and ignominious periods working for certain newspaper diary columns and even longer periods as an impostor, passing himself off as a representative of said columns.**

**Months after being told that he was too boring even for the *Daily Torygraph*'s "Peterbore", he was still appearing at parties pretending to be a "Peterbore" hack. This eventually came to the attention of the *Torygraph*'s then editor, Bill Deedes, who told the paper's lawyers to obtain an injunction against Brooks. Alas, they were unable to serve the restraining order.**

**Pip Pip!**

# NOOKS and CORNERS

**LAST YEAR, to add to the gaiety of nations, I illustrated without comment two alternative designs for Tonbridge School Chapel (*Eye* 735). One showed the Edwardian Gothic building which was destroyed by fire in 1988. The other showed the replacement proposed on a different site by the Tonbridge School committee of the Skinners' Company and designed by Richard MacCormac, now president-elect of the RIBA.**

Mr MacCormac's modern scheme was not at all bad, in fact, but misconceived; for there was, and is, strong feeling in the school that the chapel should be restored and not replaced by a new building "reflecting the theological thinking of our age" as the senior chaplain wants.

Following the refusal of planning permission by the local authority, Mr MacCormac took the honourable course and resigned, and at the end of last year the Tonbridge School committee changed its mind and resolved to restore the old chapel — a decision "greeted with joy" in Tonbridge. But, alas, alas, the splendid row that has divided the town, the school, and the Skinners' Company continues unabated, for MacCormac has now been replaced by Mr Donald Buttress, who was introduced by the "Campaign for the Restoration of Tonbridge School Chapel" which had hoped to wheel in the surveyor to Westminster Abbey in the (aborted) planning appeal.

This grave error is understandable, for the plausible Donald "stated that he strongly opposed the kind of modern building proposed for Tonbridge School, and had spent the greater part of his professional life in a crusade against modernism. He said that he was one of the last of the traditionalists and had spent years in the wilderness, but now everyone was approaching him because of the new interest in tradition encouraged by HRH The Prince of Wales..."

Imagine, therefore, the horror, the "shock... when he presented his design, which is nothing less than a total refashioning of the Chapel", especially as the campaign had instructed Buttress to restore the exterior of the building to its former state. Of course, it may well not be possible, or desirable, to restore the interior of the chapel exactly as it was — especially as the burned building was under-insured. Nevertheless, both the Braithwaite Partnership and Julian Bicknell, architects, demonstrated that it was perfectly feasible to restore the structure.

Once he had his foot in the door, however, Buttress declared that a "pastiche restoration" was not on. Instead, Bearded Donald — who like most architects, thinks he is a creative artist — proposes slicing off the battlements of the walls, replacing the east and west gables by hipped roofs, substituting a trivial design of his own for the Gothic window tracery and erecting at the east end as a feature a sort of neo-Edwardian raised roof of his own invention.

The members of the campaign have now produced a lengthy report on the whole affair which concludes that: "We do not consider Mr Buttress has the necessary professional architectural knowledge or sensitivities to undertake successfully the restoration of this important building." What is most entertaining is that the authors of the report bothered to go and look at the work of the Buttress Fuller Partnership and have discovered that it consisted largely of mutilating old churches with crude hipped roofs and Velux rooflights.

These jobs, of course, included the spoiling of St Wilfrid's, Cantley, with an extension for which the architects neglected to obtain planning permission (see *Eye* 723), and the summary of these findings is rich: "The Campaign discovered that his practice in Manchester was producing modern buildings similar to those produced by other architectural offices, and could find no evidence of either his lifelong crusade against modernism or his years in the wilderness." Quite so.

Donald Buttress has now threatened legal action to stop the publication of this report. I am not surprised: he is quite exploded.

***MY PHOTOGRAPH is of Craig House, Kilmarnock, and it shows what happens to listed buildings in the care of Strathclyde Region.***

***The council left the Neo-Classical house to rot for several years after it had ceased to be a school and before it was offered for sale in 1989. The successful bid came from the developers, "Twintol", who have now applied for consent to demolish even though the sale has yet to be concluded.***

***So the house is still owned by Strathclyde, which has failed to fulfil its legal responsibility to maintain listed buildings and which has allowed the interior to be vandalised and two Ionic columns of the portico to disappear in the last year. Why?***

***Roll on the abolition of this monstrous regional authority. Meanwhile it is the duty of Kilmarnock and Loudoun District Council to save the house by serving a repairs notice. What is stopping them?***

*'Piloti'*

## CIVIL LIBERTIES

**THE high court's recent rejection of a claim for damages against Greater Manchester Police by former Manchester University student Dr Sarah Hollis ends the sorry saga that followed the visit to the university by Leon Brittan in March 1985 when he was home secretary.**

It is also a fitting swansong for retiring chief constable James Anderton's crusade against sensitive, tolerant policing.

The case against GMP, the most intense it ever faced from a member of the public, was thrown out at the beginning of May, more than six years after Anderton's officers had charged into a crowd of demonstrators who had been peacefully protesting against the home secretary's visit outside the university's student union building.

The visit had been orchestrated by the university's near-impotent student Tory group, desperate to attract the kind of smug, self-satisfied party spokesman who would bring out the city's rabble-rousers. And it worked. The Battle of Brittan, as it was dubbed, soon gathered pace after the police's unwarranted charge into the crowd. When the debris cleared numerous officers and civilians had been hurt. Forty people were arrested and 172 complaints were later brought against the police.

But not all the civilians were crazed Sparts desperate for a chance to "kill the pigs". Sarah Hollis, a 21-year-old medical student, for instance, was simply issuing tickets to the meeting in her capacity as a member of the union's student council. Risking a look at the dramatic events unfolding outside the building, she found herself remonstrating with police over their handling of a student colleague. She was then grabbed by her hair, thrown down the steps of the student union and knocked unconscious.

According to David Phillips, then an assistant chief constable in Manchester, Hollis had simply fallen down the steps and feigned unconsciousness. Mr Justice Buckley believed Phillips and found against Hollis.

After Hollis complained against the police, early in 1986, she was assaulted by a man in Manchester city centre who punched her in the face and gave her a black eye. She claims she recognises the man who hit her as the same one who had previously threatened her and warned her not to give evidence to Manchester city council's public inquiry into the policing of the Brittan demo.

Later, following a burglary, Hollis found that copies of two statements made by witnesses to the demonstration had gone missing. The man who was convicted of burgling Hollis's flat told the *Guardian* in a sworn affidavit that he had been put up to it by Manchester detectives. Even more sinister were events that befell another Manchester student who had been at the demo, Steven Shaw, who, like Hollis, had no record of political agitation.

Shaw, coincidentally, had been writing a thesis about police technology. After the demonstration he agreed to meet student leaders who had been discussing with Manchester city council's police monitoring unit the idea of setting up an "independent" public inquiry into the events. Remarkably, the day after Shaw met student leaders his home was broken into and his research material was the only item taken.

When Shaw went to the police he was strip-searched and allegedly assaulted. He ended up having two hospital operations. After being interviewed by Avon and Somerset police, investigating the allegations against the GMP, Shaw was attacked by two men who broke his nose, stubbed a cigarette into his face and hit him with a bottle.

His only solace from the law was a letter from Greater Manchester's then deputy chief constable, John Stalker, to his parents denying that GMP used hit squads, but offering neither apology nor sympathy. A few months later, of course, Stalker fell foul of Anderton's reign of terror and demanded protection and public sympathy, but to no avail. Perhaps he can now join forces with Sarah Hollis and the long-disappeared Steven Shaw.

## Franchise Watch 4:
### —— The Bids Are In ——

**ALL television game shows have a moment when the inanely grinning host, often against the background of amplified clock chimes, yells: "Yer time's up!" With frozen expressions of regret, the married couples from Essex learn whether they will be taking home the all-weather barbecue or the fake silver pen embossed with a picture of the inanely-grinning presenter. The 1993 ITV franchise auction has just reached that stage.**

With the ITC deadline passed, Richard from Gatwick, Melvyn from Cumbria, Michael from Carlton and all the other contestants have no more time to change their answers. The only difference is that they now have to wait until October to see who gets the barbecue and who the ITC pen with a picture of George Russell.

With the bids in, certain general conclusions can be drawn. Two widely-held assumptions have been challenged. Granada, tipped in this series as impregnable, has a slightly greater cause than predicted for atrial fibrillation. The bid opposing it came, as expected, from Phil Redmond; but his Northwest Television had the unexpected moneybags of Yorkshire Television behind it. The popular gossip is that the challenger has bid higher than the incumbent. Even so, the majority would still bet that Redmond, probably the most interesting and talented of the embryo moguls, has, regrettably bid for the one franchise which will not be let go. Do you think John Major has the balls to be the man who killed of *Coronation Street*?

London Weekend Television, presented here a few weeks ago as highly vulnerable, can slightly reduce the dosage of Beta-blockers. The only challenger, London Independent Broadcasting, seems, from its programme plans, to have taken the dangerous decision to match the incumbent inanity for inanity. Given that the ITC (like the IBA before it) consists of middle-class culture snobs, the smart move, in targeting a company whose most celebrated employees are Cilla Black and Jeremy Beadle, would be to promise adaptations of Proust and have the bid delivered to the ITC by Seamus Heaney. Rather alarmingly, London Independent Broadcasting chose Anneka Rice for this purpose and the weight of light entertainment producers among its directors suggests that Beadlism may not be dead, whatever happens.

Surprisingly, the mogulest of all the moguls turns out to be Melvyn Bragg, who has not only already won his Border franchise back — there was no contestant — but is involved in both the LWT re-application and a challenge for the Tyne Tees licence.

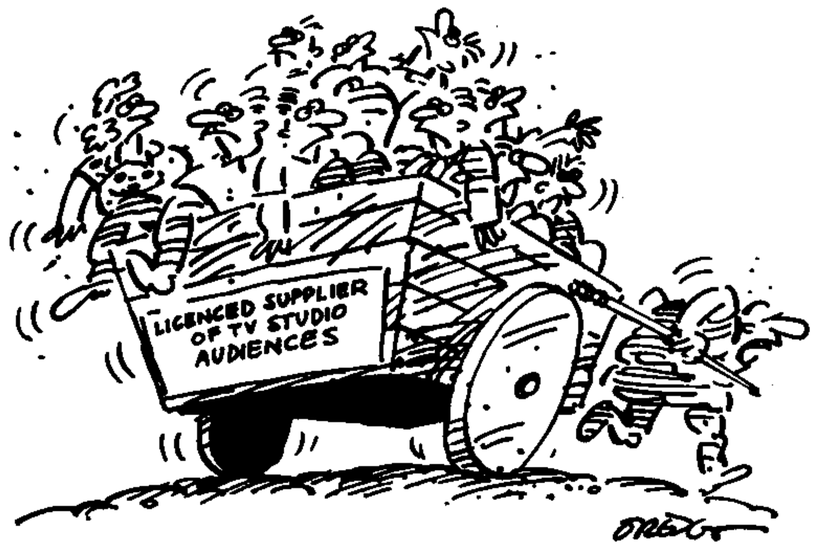
Not bad for a simple Cumbrian lad who says he would rather get on with writing novels.

Also unexpected was the number of Dogs Who Didn't Bark. The wobbly Central was, somehow, elected unopposed. There is a strong rumour that, predicting this, the company has bid a v-sign £1,000 a year contribution to Treasury coffers. If true, this would serve the Government right. Less admirable is the theory that potential challengers were frightened off by the vast popularity of *Inspector Morse*. In fact, this magnificent series is produced by Central's drama arm, Zenith. And who owns that? Michael Green of Carlton Communications, who is bidding for several franchises. Otherwise, the biggest dog of all was Andrew Neill, who was widely expected to make an attempt to get into television before his looks go. He may, though, have been a victim of a failure of any consortium to challenge Scottish Television.

The biggest single pack of non-barking dogs were the international high-finance rottweilers — the Murdochs, Maxwells, Bonds and Packers — to mount a bid. Some of the dimmer television critics have argued that the media liberals exaggerated the threat of this prospect and that the prospect of a minor reshuffle between the Frosts and Foxes vindicates Thatch's vision of broadcasting. Three things should be said to this theory: 1) it was only the fretting of the woolly liberals which got cross-ownership restrictions written into the Broadcasting Act; 2) most of the potential global bidders are financially stymied at the moment because of the recession. The government did not plan this; and 3) it is easier for the corporate wolves to wait until 1994 until hostile takeovers are permitted for the first time.

For what it's worth, Square Eyes's predictions are that TVS, Thames, Tyne Tees and Channel Television should not order any corporate Christmas cards this year. What even the Tory press now seems reluctant to put any money on is that the overall programme quality of ITV will improve, or even survive at the present level, as a result of the highest-bidder-wins system. Companies which have bid too high will either scrimp on programmes to meet their commitments to the Treasury or become a soft option for a hostile takeover. The resulting mess will be mad departed Thatch's legacy to the medium which (cf *Real Lives, Zircon, Death On The Rock*) she hated. To paraphrase the man in the razor ads, she hated it so much, she sold the companies.

*'Square Eyes'*




*"Bring out yer brain dead! Bring out yer brain dead!"*

## MEDIA NEWS

**WHY CAN it be that telly heavyweight Roger Cook was so very reluctant to be interviewed by diminutive Channel 4 producer Lorraine Heggessey for her investigation into the methods of the *Cook Report*?**

The man who thrusts himself on to other people's private property in the hope of a telegenic scuffle was less than forthcoming when invited to discuss his report on Arthur Scargill.

His minders at Central TV immediately hid behind ITC guidelines — designed to protect the public from people like Cook — and demanded to know the content of the film, who else was being interviewed and what the questions would be.

Having heard that one of the subjects would be Cook's alleged fabricating of evidence in his "Babies from Brazil" story, they declined all the dates offered by *Dispatches* and instead suggested an interview "a few days before transmission". Concerned that the Fat Man might conveniently be abroad when crunch time came, Ms Heggessey, 4 ft 11¾ ins tall and half Cook's weight, dropped in on him while he was breakfasting in Birmingham's Hyatt Hotel.

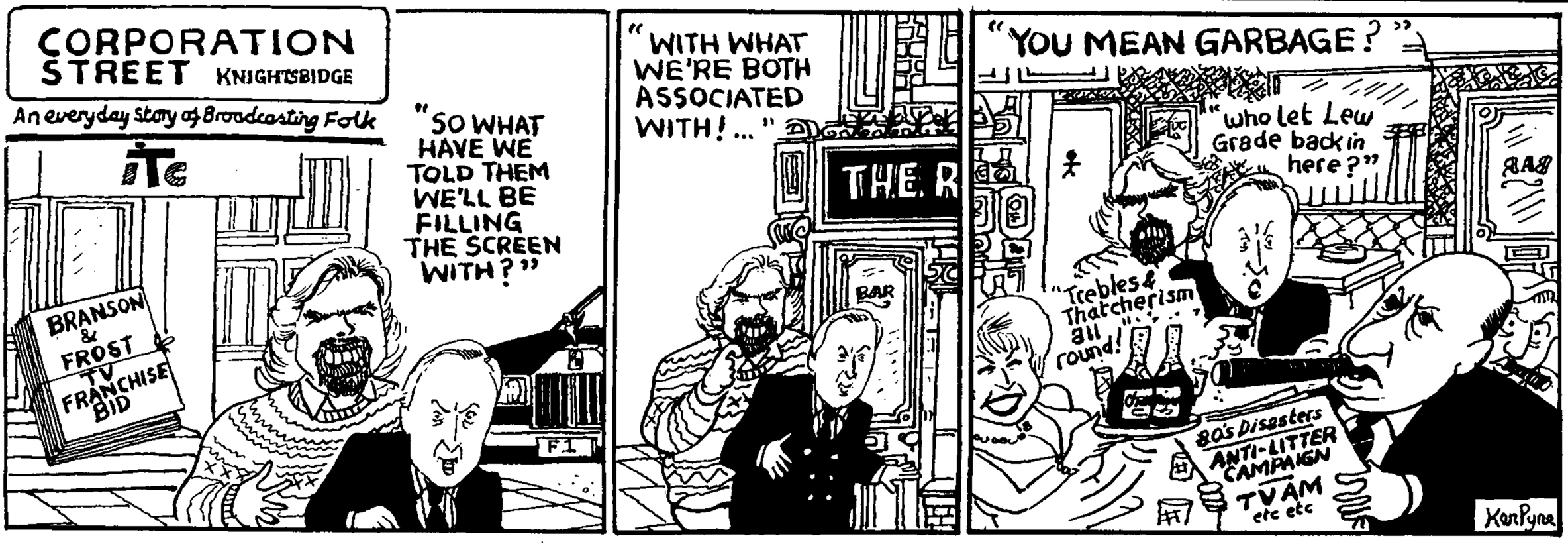
Waiters and guests were amused to see that Cook was visibly unhappy to be on the receiving end of the treatment he gives others. Later in the day Central's lawyers faxed a pompous protest complaining of an "attempt to harangue an interview out of him".

Central has followed up with a demand that *Dispatches* does not reveal the location of Cook's home near Bath which is ringed by close circuit surveillance cameras. Similar cameras adorn the house of Arthur Scargill — which figured prominently in the *Cook Report*.

**NED SHERRIN's appalling Saturday morning chat show on Radio 4, *Loose Ends*, would appear to have unearthed something of a scoop. But typically no one noticed.**

The scoop came in a casual remark by Michael Korda, son of Sir Alexander Korda, who was on *Loose Editing* to promote his latest novel, a *roman à clef* based on the lives of Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh.

Korda suddenly referred to an alleged affair between his aunt Merle (Hollywood film actress Merle Oberon) and none other than Prince Philip. Presumably this titbit will now appear in Tim Heald's forthcoming biography of Phil the Greek — if Heald was listening, that is.


CORPORATION STREET KNIGHTSBIDGE
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
ITC
BRANSON & FROST TV FRANCHISE BID
"SO WHAT HAVE WE TOLD THEM WE'LL BE FILLING THE SCREEN WITH?"
"WITH WHAT WE'RE BOTH ASSOCIATED WITH!..."
BAR
"YOU MEAN GARBAGE?"
"who let Lew Grade back in here?"
"Trebles & Thatcherism all round!"
80's Disasters
ANTI-LITTER CAMPAIGN
TVAM etc etc
Ken Pyne

## Woman in the Eye
## EVE POLLARD

**"I'M LOOKING forward to stopping bonking." Thus spake Eve Pollard, journalism's answer to Joan Collins, in her farewell address to staff at the *Sunday Mirror*.**

Lady Lloyd seemed to be claiming that at the *Mirror* she had somehow been obliged to run sex stories against her will, whereas at her new paper, the *Sunday Express*, she could concentrate on loftier subjects. This came as a surprise to *Sunday Mirror* hacks, who hadn't previously noticed any distaste by la Bollard for bonk journalism. If she hated it so much, they asked, why did she print so much of it?

But such uncharitable thoughts were soon submerged amid the general rejoicing at milady's departure. Meanwhile, at the *Sunday Getsmuchworse's* Grey Lubyanka on Blackfriars Bridge, staff are nervously wondering what she has in store for them. Ever eager to help, the *Eye* has compiled a brief guide:

Chauffeurs can expect a particularly hard time. At the *Mirror* her official drivers were severely ticked off for not being deferential enough. "You should always open the car door for the Editor," one memo ordered. "You should always carry the Editor's bag. The car should always be clean inside and out. When collecting the Editor, always drive towards her and open the door." She once ordered a *Mirror* chauffeur to drive all the way to Leeds to pick her up from Yorkshire Television (after recording an edition of *Through the Keyhole*), even though the studio had already provided her with a car and driver; she explained that the TV company's limo had an inadequate carphone. Another was once told to go out and buy her ladyship's tampons.

Newsdesk hacks will also have to get used to her many extra-curricular demands. At the *Sunday Mirror*, for instance, she once told news editor John McShane to buy her a dozen red roses. McShane meekly complied — only to be given an earful by his boss for buying the wrong kind. "I want short-stemmed roses, not long ones," she screamed. When another newsdesk executive suggested that she could simply shorten the flowers with a pair of scissors, la Bollard's rage became incandescent.

On another occasion, last autumn, she asked someone on the newsdesk to "cancel my lunch with Rick" — Rick, apparently, being her personal aerobics trainer. The hack thought she said "Nick", however, and duly cancelled her next lunch engagement with her husband, Sir Nick Lloyd. La Bollard immediately told the hack that he was fired. She relented only when her number two and number three, Tony Frost and Colin Myler, pointed out that this capricious sacking "would probably get into *Private Eye*".

Critics have many new challenges ahead. Lady Bollard is so ferociously diligent that literary editor Graham Lord will be expected to keep her supplied with copies of all the latest blockbusters; the film critic will have to arrange screenings of recent movies for milady; the telly critic must supply videos of programmes she has missed (that's if the telly critic survives: Bollard will hit the roof when she learns that the by-line on the *Sunday Express's* TV column, "John Russell", is in fact a pseudonym for Stafford Hildred, a veteran hack whom she ejected from the *Sunday Mirror*.) Travel editor Jill Crawshaw will be required to organise trips; and the fashion editor will have to keep the amply-proportioned Bollard provided with designer outfits so she can tell how they *really* look.

Finally, everyone in the building should be warned: they may be asked to lend the new editor modest sums of money from time to time. It seems that, like the Queen, la Bollard is too majestic to carry anything as vulgar as cash herself.

**PS:** A date has been fixed for the case brought against Lady Lloyd by her former lieutenant, Peter Miller. His claim for unfair dismissal will begin on Monday 3 June at the Industrial Tribunal in Ebury Bridge Road, London SW1. We trust the case will be fully reported in the *Sunday Express*.

## ARMS NEWS

**THE WORLD'S worst spy, South African Dirk Stoffberg (*Eyes passim*), was arrested on the Swiss-German border last month and is being held at Konstanz awaiting an extradition hearing to the United States.**

Stoffberg was active in and around London in the early 80s in association with the notoriously criminal Aspin brothers. He was attempting to spy on the African National Congress and was buying arms for the South African government.

In 1988 Stoffberg fled to mainland Europe after being accused of illegal arms dealing by, of all people, the South Africans. He counter-claimed that the South African arms company Armscor was secretly kicking back funds to the National Party of South Africa out of its own illegal deals.

While Stoffberg was living in Frankfurt, an article appeared in *L'Humanité*, the French communist newspaper, in April 1988 linking him to the assassination of the ANC's Paris representative, Dulcie September. The article was, in fact, planted by the British arms dealer, the late Leslie Aspin. Aspin's brother Michael was at that time awaiting trial on an arms fraud of more than £20 million and later went down for six years. Stoffberg was to give evidence for the police in the Aspin trial, but bottled out when his life was threatened and the article appeared in *L'Humanité*.

He then moved to Pforzheim in Germany and was recently contacted by a Canadian called Ken Walker. Walker said he had a client who wanted to purchase and move some 1,000 Smith and Wesson revolvers. The company facilitating the purchase was named as Tagel (UK) Ltd. Tagel, based in New York, had an executive called Prebell acting on the purchase. Although the end user for the weapons was to be shown as Chile, they were actually said to be destined for Madrid.

Prebell was in fact a US Customs agent called Ken Prince and Tagel is a company owned by the family of the late Cyrus Hashimi of the fast emerging "October Surprise" scandal in the States (see *Eye 767*).

The Germans have an extradition treaty with the US and Stoffy is a very worried man. He thinks the US authorities suspect that he may know something of the October Surprise story and that is why they set up a sting to have him arrested.

## PEACE CONFERENCE NEWS

**YITZHAK SHAMIR's excuse for a "bigger Israel" is that the space is needed for Soviet Jews fleeing anti-semitism and tyranny in the USSR. (Don't forget Israel has lobbied hard, and successfully, in Congress to stop the Soviet emigrants going to their first choice destination, the United States.)**

The Law of Return, which guarantees every Jew the *right* to settle in Israel, now seems to imply a duty on the immigrants themselves, for Israel is lobbying the Germans to *deport* 269 Soviet Jewish immigrants who, embarrassingly, found the idea of living in the land of the Holocaust more amenable than being homeless in the homeland.

"We're not Zionists and we don't want to be forced into villages in the occupied territories," one of the unfortunates told reporters.

## I-BSkyB

**Today EXCLUSIVE**

# Charles won't let Di watch

SKY

*Front page, Today*

*CONTRIBUTOR: Richard A. Smith*

*An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.*

**AT LONG last there appears to be an end in sight for the saga of the Pergamon 23 — those NUJ members sacked by Cap'n Bob's Pergamon Press for holding a one-day strike in support of a dismissed colleague after three lawfully-conducted strike ballots.**

Throughout 1989 Peter Jay, Maxwell's then chief of staff, vigorously defended the decision to dismiss the 23 and even accused them of "self-victimisation" and "self-dismissal". Larry Whitty, the Labour Party's general secretary, persuaded the parties to allow an independent inquiry into the controversy under the chairmanship of Tony Christopher, former general-secretary of the Inland Revenue Staff Federation. His report has now been submitted and will make salutary reading for the great socialist, Robert Maxwell

Although it finds fault with some aspects of the NUJ's handling of the affair, the report concludes that Pergamon Press was wrong to dismiss Miss C and that Pergamon's attitude towards the striking workers was hypocritical since Maxwell was himself on record as saying that "[James] Prior's labour law is bad law". Christopher's report recommends that the case of Miss C should be reopened and that the rest of the Pergamon 23 should either be reinstated or offered "redundancy payments in generous terms".

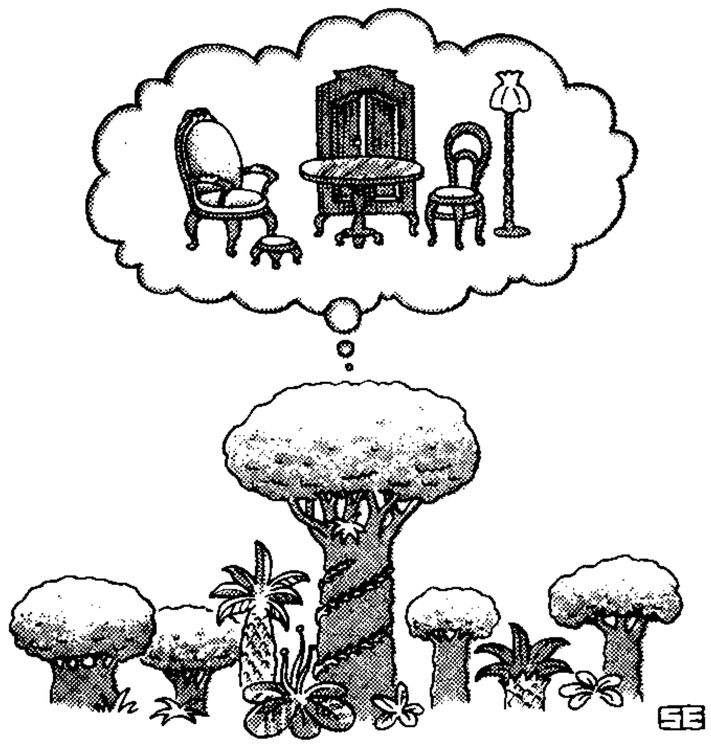
This amounts to a massive humiliation for Cap'n Bob. But he will have to swallow his pride and comply with the report's broad terms if he wants to remain a member of the Labour Party.

***As seen in the Daily and Sunday Express!***

The GAMBOLLARDS
by Eve and Nick Bollard
DARLING — IT'S YOUR TURN TO PUT THE RUBBISH OUT
OH ALL RIGHT!
'GISSA KISSA GAZZA IN DI SLOBBA SHOCK' ETC ETC...

# DOWN ON THE FARM

## with 'Old Muckspreader'



**AT LAST year's over-hyped launch of the National Rivers Authority, chairman Lord Crickhowell thundered: "We will provide the strongest protection for the plant and wildlife of our rivers." Today his minions in Wessex are standing back and watching a handful of greedy farmers destroy Britain's finest wetland habitat.**

The farmers are insisting on their right to grow intensive cereals on the Somerset Levels, even though it has been a grazing area for centuries. It means drying out the land and driving out the rare wetland birds that cost taxpayers nothing.

The job of wrecking this priceless national asset is being carried out by the ludicrously undemocratic internal drainage boards (IDBs), the local cliques who control the water levels by managing the sluices and ditches. But since they're dominated by farming interests, their main preoccupation is helping their chums maximise the production of subsidised and unwanted surpluses.

Legally the Lower Brue drainage board is supposed to have six local authority nominees to represent the interests of urban poll taxpayers. It has none. The West Sedgemoor board won't even give a seat to the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, even though the charity owns and runs one third of the area as a nature reserve.

The NRA's regional flood defence committee is supposed to keep the IDBs in check. Not only does it have the necessary executive powers to do so, but it also has a statutory duty to further nature conservation. However, the committee, which is liberally sprinkled with appointees from the Ministry of Overproduction, continues to watch bird numbers fall as the habitat dries out. It clings resolutely to the Whitehall Place dictum that its primary role is to distribute the maximum amount of public money to big-business farmers.

As a result the cereal growers of Sedgemoor continue to destroy wildlife under a monoculture of pesticide-ridden wheat and barley. And the harvest will add to the EC's 25 million-ton grain mountain currently costing taxpayers £60 a ton in export subsidies to dump on world markets.

***WHILE Peter Brooke strives to bring peace to Ulster, the Arfur Daleys at the Northern Ireland Milk Board are doing their best to keep the natives in penury.***

***Using their monopoly powers, they are paying local farmers 15 pence a litre for the milk they turn into butter and dump in EC intervention stores or on the Russian black market. But they're making the citizens of Belfast cough up 25 pence a litre for the milk they add to their morning tea. Presumably the Thames Ditton milk mafia reckon the people of Ulster are affluent enough to subsidise hungry Muscovites and poverty-stricken EC storekeepers.***

***When the dairy farmers of County Antrim try to raise their incomes by shipping their milk across the Irish Sea and selling it in Lancashire supermarkets, the monopoly board steps in with court orders to stop them. Though the Brits want to buy the stuff, such straight forward trading would upset the labyrinthine structures set up by the MMB milk sheiks. And all the while the "free enterprise" Government is content to watch the monopoly board continue its blatant rigging of the market.***

# MANX NEWS

**THE *Money Media Magazine* is a throwaway monthly available on Manx airline flights and its April edition carried a fittingly throwaway article headed "New protection for bank depositors".**

It was full of quotes from Mr Jim Noakes, chief executive of the Isle of Man's Financial Supervision Commission, who was commenting on a new piece of Manx legislation, the Investment Business Act, similar to the mainland's Financial Services Act.

As *Eye* readers are well aware, the IoM has a shabby reputation as a haven for dirty money. In fact much of the money passing through its banks is ultra-clean — it's been washed several times before it arrives. Noakes, a former Bank of England official and born again Christian, was coy and not a little defensive when interviewed by the *Eye*, but he said the law would help in policing the funny money boys.

As to the massive deposits building societies were taking and that they were not covered by the new law, he explained that as the societies were registered in the UK his act could not cover them. Nor did he think that this was a problem.

On the vexing question of company registration agents and the fact that they did not have to declare who their real and beneficial owners were, he said he thought there might be room for legislation in the future to cover them. Although the funny company boys are not allowed to give financial advice, they can form a company, become directors and trade in the financial markets for any client and still maintain secrecy.

Meanwhile Mrs Kathy Harrison, an assistant of Noakes's, was quoted in the April edition of *Portfolio* magazine as saying there were no proposals to include the provision of disclosure of beneficial ownership under the new legislation, although it was once considered. In this she clearly seems at odds with her boss.

For all its apparent power, the new act will be remarkably hard to police if for no other reason than that the commission does not have nearly enough staff. And while Noakes told the *Eye* he would recruit more people and was confident of eventually having the resources to do the job properly, the funny money boys continue to operate with impunity and the Manx government can show everyone its new legislation and effectively do nothing.

# POLICE 5

**WHILE rival gun-toting drug dealers have turned Mosside into the South Bronx of Greater Manchester, police back-slapping following a recent success by the city's rolled-up trouser brigade — ie CID — is more than a little disingenuous.**

This month's force orders list commendations to 24 detectives from superintendent down, all members of the team that successfully investigated a brutal armed robbery in April 1989 at Coin Controls Ltd in Royton. (Two unarmed security van guards survived being shot and hacked with a machete but are now unable to work.)

Four of Manchester's nastiest hoods were jailed, the two main offenders for 22 and 20 years. The force orders state that the detectives' commendations are "for their collective professionalism, tenacity and dedication to duty" while another 13 officers who ran the incident room received citations of merit.

Strangely for such a detailed citation, there is no mention of the two uniformed officers, Inspector Peter Jackson and an undercover colleague, who at some personal risk obtained the detailed information that lead to the arrests.

This of course has absolutely nothing to do with Inspector Jackson's later complaint, chronicled in the *Eye*, against senior officers on another case which an outside force, West Yorkshire, has been investigating for more than two years. Jackson has since left the force in disgust over what he views as a cover-up.

Surely Chief Constable Anderton is not so small minded that he would refuse to commend officers who detected "a very serious offence" just because of a separate dispute — or is he?

**LIFE IS now so tough in Mosside that uniformed officers patrolling the area have requested body armour for protection.**

Bosses at the force's Chester House HQ were appalled at the thought of the headlines that would follow if Manchester became the first mainland force to follow the example of the RUC by having its officers clumping around like medieval knights, so they refused.

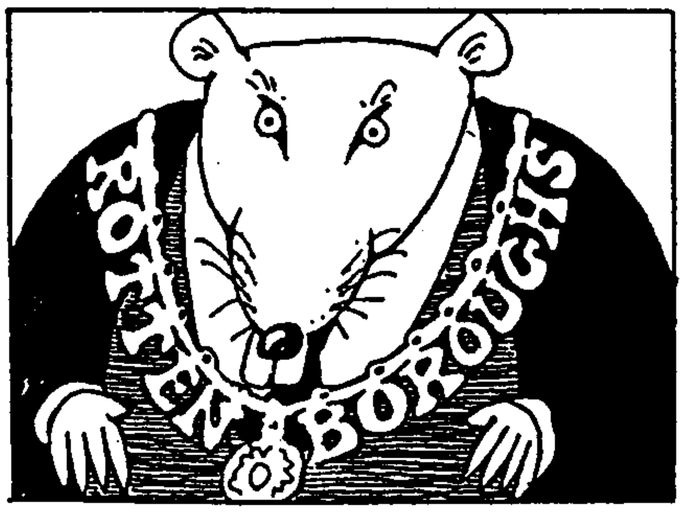
Then it was discovered that officers were buying their own armour from the classified adverts in *Police Review* magazine. Realising that an even worse PR disaster was imminent, the top brass changed their minds. Every police car patrolling Mosside now comes equipped with two sets of body armour.

**MEANWHILE in the West Midlands, one of the many mysteries of the scandals surrounding the discredited force there (remember the Birmingham Six, the disbanded serious crimes Squad, the Gail Kinchin inquiry etc) has been the silence of police authority chairman and Birmingham Labour councillor Lionel Jones.**

Fears that the once-crusading socialist appointed to protect the public from police excess has gone native are reaching a crescendo after checks on some of the perks that go with his job.

First came news of the chauffeur-driven limo provided on the orders of chief constable Ron Hadfield to ferry Jones to various functions — a handy accessory given the scrutiny to which the city council's infamous car pool is now subjected. Then police-watchers learned of the mobile phone, also provided on the orders of Mr Hadfield, which the good councillor is said to display prominently.

*"Let me through — I'm a Grief Counsellor!"* Fantoni




## MURKEYSIDE

**NEIL KINNOCK'S crackdown on the scouse Spartists backfired badly when pro-"Militant" candidates swept the board in five out of six contested seats in the council elections on 2 May.**

This gave them the green light to form a 25-strong independent group and they now make up a quarter of the city council. Flushed with success, the Sparts see "victory" as tantamount to the storming of the Winter Palace — in fact they owe it at least in part to saturation canvassing (415 rent-a-canvassers in six wards) and a dose of good old fashioned mafioso-style intimidation.

The proposer of the "official" Labour candidate in Valley ward, for example, was told by the "comrades" that he had a lovely grand-daughter — and wouldn't it be a shame if anything happened to her.

But the main reason for the Spartist triumph was the contribution of the GMBU bin men. Not a single bin bag was to be seen in the six wards for the duration of the campaign, while the rest of the city festered up to its neck in uncollected garbage.

## HAVERING

**HUMDRUM Havering, home of the East London wideboy, is still embroiled in the row over "dodgy" proxy voting forms at last year's council elections.**

Since September Inspector Knacker of the Metropolitan Police has been investigating allegations from Liberals that a victorious Tory candidate, Andrew Rosindell, coerced geriatrics at an old people's home to vote. Those at the home handed in more than 100 proxy voting forms between them, while at the previous elections only nine of them voted.

Meanwhile in a separate inquiry Romford's Chief Superintendent Basil Racey has been examining other accusations of bizarre electoral practices, this time with Mr Rosindell pointing the finger. According to the youthful councillor who fancies his chances of winning parliamentary nomination to an unwinnable seat in Scotland, at the same elections an "illegal" circular attacking the Tories did the rounds of Romford's semi-detached streets.

Rosindell's beef was that the leaflet broke election regulations by failing to bear the name and address of the publishers and was simply signed "concerned Liberals". Liberals claim they knew nothing about it.

Rosindell countered that a supporter had taken down the number of a car helping to distribute the offensive tract and that it had been traced as belonging to a Liberal activist from Forest Gate. Now the Liberals are demanding to know how Rosindell managed to connect a car number-plate with its owner as only someone with access to the police national computer could do so.

## MANCHESTER

**HAVING lost £14m in government grants and £40m in uncollected rents, town hall fatheads came up with a wheeze to fund their socialist dreams by squeezing extra cash from street traders by upping their rents by a modest 1,000 per cent.**

When the barrow boys of busy Market Street and other city centre sites objected to the increase — from £169 to £2,500 — the council's reaction was that these were free enterprise individuals whom it could not control. The rent back in 1986 was only £30 and £32 in 1987.

After failing to persuade Mr Justice Roch in the high court that the increase was to pay for street cleaning, the council admitted that it was trying to earn a crafty buck by pushing costs to the limit.

But despite having been given a wigging over this case, Manchester town hall is considering an appeal. Will they never learn? The idea of putting the thumbscrews on the barrow boys came after a similar bid to force up the fees for taxi licences. That scheme also flopped.

## BROMLEY

**BROMLEY council's daft decision to privatise its children's and old people's homes (see *Eyes passim*) was clearly not an isolated moment of municipal madness.**

For following the £400,000 losses which resulted from its handing over the running of old people's homes to private hands, the borough has contracted out its remaining three retirement homes to Court Cavendish Ltd, the firm criticised last year by the borough's registration officer for "failing to keep adequate records on medication", allowing "poor quality of bedding and furniture" and keeping residents' clothing in "poor condition".

To impress the hard-line Thatcherite standard bearers, Court Cavendish has now cut staff in the three homes and is paying residential social workers £2,500 a year less than they earned under the council.

And while council officers believe the Tories may now be open to legal challenge for failing to keep at least one home under direct control, as is required by the 1948 National Assistance Act, the borough's rulers are also under attack from the very people whose welfare they've just privatised, children in care.

Alex Hancock, chair of the local branch of the care group NAYPIC, has asked Bromley's ombudsman to investigate complaints that the council's social services director Mike Carpenter revealed confidential information about one of his young charges to members of the public.

Carpenter has been accused of divulging the details in a report to the social services committee following a night-time vigil to protest about the department's privatisation. The hard-pressed social services boss is already being investigated by Inspector Knacker over a "fact-finding" junket to America to look at privatised homes over there.

Meanwhile Hancock is having little trouble finding suitable issues to occupy his time during his double role of NAYPIC chairman and aggrieved care-home resident. He has complained that staff from the company which now looks after the kids, Kindercare, are not displaying a suitably "caring" attitude. In fact, the council's own tendering documents detail how Kindercare, a newly established company, has been placing more emphasis on management than child care, and that its ideas "lacked some practical applications".

Coincidentally one of Kindercare's directors, Stan Decker, was a council social services officer before taking redundancy money and joining Kindercare. Two other Kindercare directors are on the board of a company called Social Care Management Ltd, where they are joined by a member of Bromley's social services committee.

According to NAYPIC, since Kindercare took over the running of the kids' homes a disturbing air of paranoia has crept in. The police have been called in on umpteen occasions and once took away some potpourri and bath salts for examination.

## HARROGATE

**THE LEADER of Harrogate District Council's dwindling band of Tories, Phil Allott, came out of the May council elections with egg all over his plump face.**

Not only did his party lose six seats to the Liberal Democrats who overtook the Conservatives as the largest party, but young Phil had to apologise publicly to the Liberal Democrat leader for false claims made in a Tory election leaflet.

The leaflet, published in Allott's name, claimed the Liberal Democrats and Labour had "drawn up secret plans" to sell the famous old Knaresborough House. In fact, a report on the possible sale of the building had been ordered by council chiefs in December 1989 — five months *before* the Tories lost control of the council to a Liberal Democrat minority administration. That report has not even been written yet, but is promised for this September.

"We would apologise if our wording had implied that the present ruling group or groups have encouraged the sale or that the report had already been prepared," grovelled the Tory leader in election week.

The only surprising thing about the whole affair is why the Tories would object to selling the fine old Knaresborough House — their local strategy for "balancing the books" depends entirely on the sale of the authority's family silver.

## PROPERTY NEWS

**JOHN Laing Construction Ltd has landed the much-delayed £18 million contract to build Speyhawk Retail's "palladio"-style shopping scheme on the former Market Hall site in Harrogate (see *Eyes passim*) — and it's a very interesting choice of contractor.**

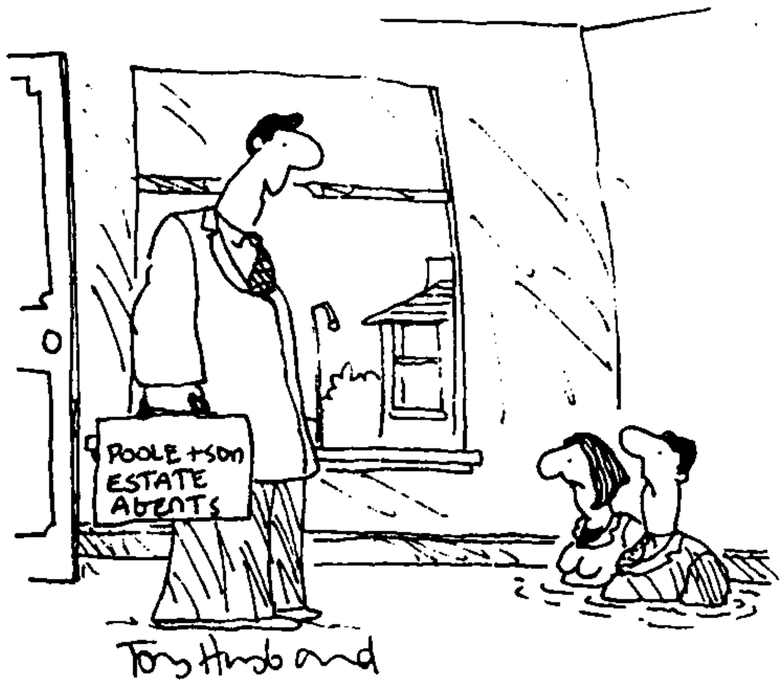
Laing was criticised by name in the independent investigation into the delays and spiralling costs which bedeviled Harrogate's last major building project — the controversial £34 million conference centre. According to the Selman Report into the saga: "The contractor was responsible for some part of the additional time taken to build the Conference Centre."

Indeed Harrogate's councillors were so taken with Laing's performance that they expressly resolved that never again should the company be employed as a contractor without the final approval of the full council.

The Market Hall scheme is a joint venture between Speyhawk and the council, which owns the site, and the decision to approve Laing was taken by the council's emergency committee.

HUSBAND

Bloody Hell, the Doctor says I've only got six months to live
SURGERY
Where are you going?
SURGERY
No one speaks to my mate like that!
SURGERY




*"Ah, you've found the corner with the little quicksand problem"*

## CULT CORNER

**SHOPPERS in Portsmouth should beware attractive young women bearing clipboards, for the unwary may find themselves sitting the "Standard Oxford Capacity Analysis" — an unofficial entrance examination for the dreaded church of Scientology.**

The questionnaire was dreamed up by the cult's sci-fi scribbling founder, L. Ron Hubbard, and is often used as a way of introducing new recruits — "raw meat" as Old Mother Hubbard called them — to the cult.

While the "self-help test" is headed "Have More Confidence In Yourself", the only clue to its link with the Hubbardistas is the address of the local Hubbard Dianetics Foundation and the mention of RTC (Religious Technology Centre) and COSRECI (Church of Scientology Religious Education College Inc).

Needless to say any hapless individual who answers all the 200-plus questions is likely to be told they have problems which can be cured — surprise surprise — by a Scientology communications course. Even if they don't agree to take up the chance to walk across "The Bridge To Total Freedom" they are unlikely to leave the premises emptyhanded: the new edition of Hubbard's mind-boggling blockbuster *Dianetics The Modern Science of Mental Health* — is a snip at just £3.50.

Similar soliciting activities by the Hubbardistas have sparked off long-running rows in Brighton and East Grinstead, while another cult, the Moonies, has also been using women — usually young pretty ones — to boost its fortunes.

Night club revellers and diners at some upmarket West End restaurants should look out for the latest "heavenly deception" by the "Rev" Moon. His teams of flower sellers have been touring the capital's fleshpots selling red roses, and amorous diners who pay £2 or more for a single stem are told the proceeds will go to Third World charities.

The sellers are usually Moonie recruits assigned to one of the Unification Church's mobile fund-raising teams whose sole task is to raise cash for the "church". The fund raisers are happy to gloss over the true destination of the cash as they are taught that money is evil unless it is given to the church, whereupon it is miraculously "cleansed".

Whether the diners would be quite so happy to have their cash "cleansed" by an organisation whose founder's business interests have included an arms manufacturing company and whose colleagues have been linked to the Korean CIA, is another matter.

## MoD NEWS

**NEWS REACHES the *Eye* of unorthodox use of taxpayers' money splashed out for the important business of maintaining buildings at the headquarters of RAF strike command at High Wycombe.**

The details are all official secrets, but the *Eye* gathers that building firms are being asked to take on large jobs without tender and even without quotes, and are then asked to submit bills which are paid without question.

This should be investigated at once by the relevant authority, but considering the authority is the Ministry of Defence, there seems little hope of action.

# Sally Deedes

**MORE NEWS has emerged of the inefficiency of British Telecom and the hidden costs in our telephone bills as BT puts pressure on its departments to present good "end of year" figures.**

A disgruntled BT engineer has told the *Eye* how the pressure has encouraged inefficiency and buck-passing. The problems concern the green BT boxes in our streets and on telegraph poles. Each box acts as a small exchange and contains one "speaker pair" which allows engineers to ring through to the main exchange to rectify faults on individual lines.

Until recently when finding a fault on the "speaker line" the engineer would use any other line to dial the operator and specifying a service call. No charge would be registered. But now the engineer has been issued with a hi-tech credit card and individual PIN code of 13 digits, which have to be dialled before the number being rung. As this is such a long-winded procedure many engineers simply pick any old line — yours or mine — and make the necessary two or three calls. Subscribers have no way of checking whether their lines are used in this way and the cost is absorbed into quarterly bills.

Having found a fault on the "speaker" line the engineer must then fill in an "external plant fault form" including the address of the box in question and the problem. This is then sent to the maintenance department. The buck-passing starts when the forms mount up until a suitable pile can be shunted back to the engineers asking for the number of the box (although no such detail is required on the original form). This could be dealt with by the maintenance department simply picking up the phone; but instead the job is put off for a few more weeks to contain costs.

The maintenance department claims most speaker pairs are working, while the engineering department reckons around 30 percent are out of order.

***LONDONER Robert Breckman's continuing battles with his bank, chronicled in Eyes 722 and 747, should serve as a lesson to us all.***

***For example, during the winter cold spell his bank decided to close for the weekend even earlier than usual — at 1.30 on a Friday afternoon. Mr Breckman's business could not afford this luxury and carried on working, which entailed waiting to see if the midday post contained cheques from customers that could be banked at 3.15 that afternoon.***

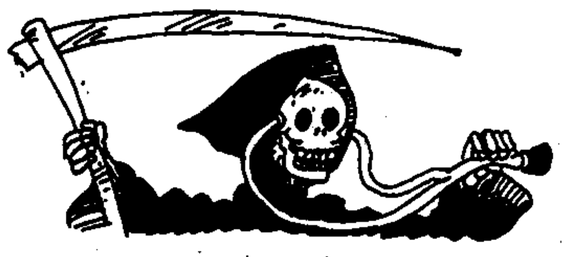
***On this occasion Mr Breckman had to wait until the following Monday to make his deposits, which meant losing two full days' interest.***

***Sensible Mr Breckman complained to his bank manager — and he agreed to make up the shortfall. More businesses should follow Mr Breckman's example.***

***Incident number two may be a small point for customers, but it is a big earner for the banks when one considers how many accounts they hold. It concerns the payment of standing orders on the last day of the month.***

***Apparently bank computers cannot cope with the fact that some months end on the 31st and others on the 30th. They therefore take it upon themselves to use the 30th of the month as the due date, while payments at the end of February are moved forward to 1 March.***

***The effect of this can be to lose customers' interest or indeed to make them incur unnecessary overdraft charges. Again Mr Breckman successfully complained — and he was credited with the difference.***



## HEALTH NEWS

**A LEAGUE table in the *Independent on Sunday* showing the 100 best-performing privately-owned British businesses failed to mention that winner Vamp Health, the largest supplier of computer systems to GPs, may have pushed hundreds of family doctors close to bankruptcy.**

Since May 1987 Vamp has supplied 4,000 GPs in 1,000 practices nationwide with "free" practice computer systems. The deal was that GPs would supply patient research data stored on the computers, which Vamp would then sell to drug companies. In return the firm would wholly refund the doctors' computerisation costs — worth a total of £6 million a year. Once 1,000 practices had signed up, the offer closed, although Vamp sold systems to a further 3,000 GPs on straightforward commercial terms.

Poor sales of data forced Vamp to tell its GPs in February this year that it faced bankruptcy unless practices waived their legal right to this £6 million. Loyal GP customers were given just one week to make their decision, and panicked by the imminent collapse of their supplier, 90 per cent waived their rights.

However, GPs leased their computer hardware not through Vamp but a separate company called Herald Leasing. Herald had no intention of waiving the GP's obligation to pay £6 million annually for hardware, money that would no longer be paid by Vamp. Defaulters have been threatened with court action.

Individual doctors now face bills of up to £18,000 over the next three years. Many fear their debts will drive them out of medicine altogether and up to 200 GPs in more than 60 practices — the minority who refused to waive their rights to the cash — are threatening to sue the firm.

The in-depth *IOS* interview with Vamp referred briefly to the firm's problems but ignored the plight many Vamp users now find themselves in. The article chose to say that Vamp had called on its "close involvement with its customers" to waive their right to research fees. Most GPs felt they had little choice.

Vamp has since offered GPs a 50 per cent share of future profits, if any, from research data sales. However, less impressed than the *IOS* by the firm's business acumen, fewer than half the eligible GPs have signed.

# Letters

## Penny pincher

*Sir,*

*Have any other readers wondered about the connection between Mr Jeffrey Archer, who considers £5 to be a suitable donation towards the plight of two million starving Kurdish refugees, and a Mr Jeffrey Archer who generously donated £2,000 towards the plight of a desperate prostitute at a well known London railway terminus?*

*We wonder if they could in any way be related?*

*Yours faithfully,*
*GRAEME SUTHERLAND,*
*GAVIN POLLOCK,*

*Newcastle-Upon-Tyne.*

## Scales

*Sir,*

*I would like to respond to Andrew Perry's letter in* EYE *766, with reference to the London College of Music.*

*Sir Michael Tippett, Richard Rodney Bennett and John McCabe are, respectively, president and vice-presidents of the LCM. They may be well known, as Mr Perry suggests in his fifth paragraph, but I'm afraid that other London music colleges can boast even more famous personages. The Royal Academy of Music has HRH The Princess of Wales as its president: the Royal College of Music has the Queen Mother, and Trinity College of Music has Sir Yehudi Menuhin.*

*Mr Perry implies in his sixth paragraph that it is impossible to have a successful performing or teaching career without an adequate amount of training — i.e. the amount that Mr Perry had at the LCM. I started the piano with an unqualified teacher, and I personally know of my private instrumental teachers who have not had the full training of Mr Perry, but who still run successful teaching practices. As regards performers, I could cite hundreds of musicians to show that what Mr Perry wrote was utter nonsense, but, as space is short, I will mention just four — The Beatles!*

*Yours faithfully,*
*CHRISTOPHER NICKOL,*

*Southall, Middx.*

## Sexploits

*Sir,*

*I feel so guilty! Not only* DID *I read both* DIRTY WEEKEND *and* AMERICAN PSYCHO *before writing my letter, but I got it all wrong. While, like Mr Kendall (*EYE, *10 May) I saw* DIRTY WEEKEND *as advocating the sadistic mass killing of males to combat sexism, I understood* AMERICAN PSYCHO*'s message to be that the grotesque torture and mass murder of women was endlessly fascinating in itself and even fun! Some readers, I foolishly imagined, might even get a thrill out of it. Like the* EYE*'s original reviewer, I shamefully suspected that its author may have hoped to get some money and personal publicity out of exploiting latent sexual hatred!*

*I now realise, of course, that neither book was the product of the profit motive and both were no more than a collection of case notes mislaid by a forgetful psychiatrist and published by mistake.*

*What a relief! Now I and my fellow lesbo-wimmin can happily shut up and enjoy the silence of the lambs...*

*Love and kisses,*
*ANN MERRILL,*

*London N4.*

*PS: If you promise to bring back "Wimmin" for me and my ilk, I promise to propose Mr Kendall for an honorary place in Pseuds' Corner.*

## Sick note

*Sir,*

*Here's an interesting logical conundrum for those following the* AMERICAN PSYCHO *versus* DIRTY WEEKEND *literary debate. Eye reviewer (in a nutshell): He's wicked, she's sick. Letter from Chris Kendall (ditto): He's sick, she's wicked. Constant factor? That makes her book "worse".*

*Personally, I yearn to crush Ann Merrill to my manly bosom (in the nicest possible way). She may be blood-stained and perverted, but at least she has a sense of humour.*

*Yours faithfully,*
*DONALD McKENDRICK,*

*Worcester.*

## Shady

*Sir,*

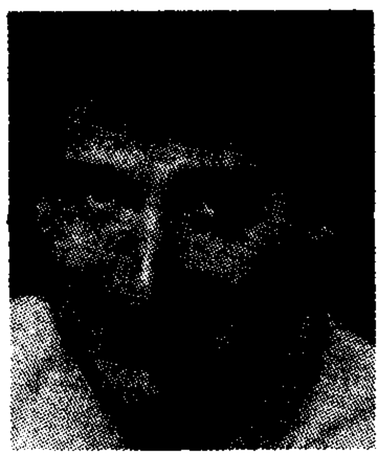
*Have you noticed the recent TV advertisements for the* EUROPEAN*? All the men buying this esteemed publication wear dark glasses. Could it be that they don't want to be recognised?*

*I think we should be told.*

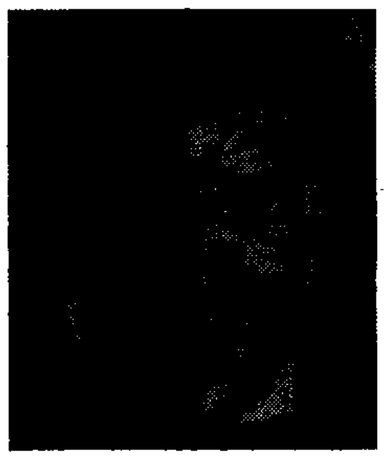
*Yours, in strictest confidence,*
*CHRISTOPHER PRICE,*

*Sidcup, Kent.*

## Lookalike



**Jones**



**Paxman**

*Sir,*

*Is it not unusual (geddit?!) that TV's scrummy Mr Rude, Jeremy Paxman, should bear more than a passing resemblance to that swivel-hipped crooner from the valleys, Mr Tom Jones? I wonder if they are by any chance related. I think we should be told.*

*Yours faithfully,*
*ENA B. PITMAN,*

*London W1.*

## O.B.N.

### Winnie is victim of repression

I AM shocked at the media coverage in Britain of Winnie Mandela's unfortunate trial. The main indictment is surely against the inhuman treatment by the white South African regime of a heroic woman who had to live long years of loneliness after a brief four months of marriage.

The fact that the regime systematically tried to assault and harass Winnie Mandela through the years is a documented fact, but it is also self-evident in progressive photographs of this beautiful, intelligent woman fighting against unbearable odds.

*CHITRE GYAN-CHAND OKAH*
*Letter to the Guardian*

*Submitted by Tim Lalor.*

***£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.***

## Ad nauseam

*Sir,*

*I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the uncanny resemblance between the film* JEAN DE FLORETTE *and the latest advert for Stella Artois (location, characters and, of course, the carnations)? Could they by any chance be related?*

*Yours faithfully,*
*HANNAH WHITLAM,*

*London SW17.*

*Sir,*

*Following K.R. Harrison's revelation of plagiarism in the advertising industry (shock, horror!), you may be interested to know that an erstwhile TV ad for Smirnoff vodka, where a man instructs his futurist TV to magnify and dissect an incriminating image, was lifted lock, stock and barrel from the cult 1982 science fiction film* BLADERUNNER, *directed by Ridley Scott.*

*Yours co-conspiratorily,*
*PHILIP MOSELEY,*

*Elton, Cambs.*

*Sir,*

*Have any of your readers noticed the startling resemblance between the latest Tennants Extra advert (tortured executive visits beautiful village and abandons plans to site ugly oil refinery on top of it) and the brilliant* LOCAL HERO*? Could they perhaps be related?*

*Yours faithfully,*
*LUCY CHENNELLS,*

*University College, Oxford.*

● *£10 paid for similar contributions.*

## Football pitch

*Dear Southern berks.*

*Your item about Sheffield Wednesday limiting away fans to seats costing £8 is uninformed. If you had attended a Wednesday home match you would know that:*

**a)** *The unsurpassable and previously unimagined beauty of Wednesday's interpassing under Ron Atkinson's tutelage comes as such a revelation to away fans that they faint in droves. They are of course much safer slumping forward in a seat than collapsing on to a concrete step.*

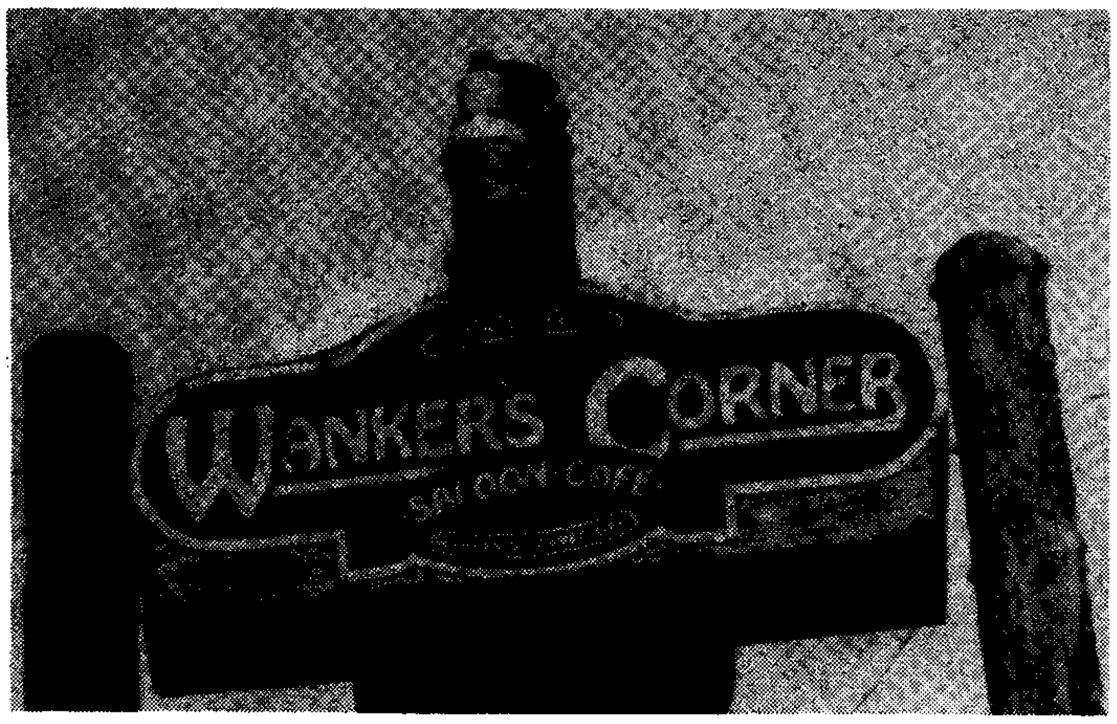
**b)** *Most away teams (other than Wednesday) are so sparsely supported that away supporters at Hillsborough get up to three seats for £8. They can then use these to settle down for post trauma recuperation. Many do so after realising that their loved ones will not be spending much time in the Wednesday goalmouth.*

**c)** *Those away fans with a taste for humilation who choose to pay attention are excellently positioned to sample the full acoustic brilliance of the Spion Kop chorus whose newly commissioned oratories in praise of Messiah Ron exceed the best efforts of the Huddersfield Choral Society.*

*In any case I suspect that the author of your piece was a flat-dwelling pseud from Fulham and probably a regular in the Heath Robinson stand at Stamford Bridge. (Chelsea! Who are dey? Eggsakly!) You mustn't dwell so morbidly on your 5-1 humiliation in the Rumbelow's semi-final. You would be far better employed preparing for two repeat episodes next season.*

*Yours chauvinistically,*
*DAVID BROWNBRIDGE,*

*Woodborough, Notts.*




# I-SPY

***Oregon, USA***

**Submitted by Mike Khan.** £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

## Brum rap

*Sir,*

*"Piloti" makes a good point about accessibility to national archives, such as the National Monuments Record* (EYE *767). But why does that necessarily mean London? Tucked away in the south-east corner of England, it is* NOT *easily accessible from Scotland or Northern Ireland, or from many parts of England and Wales (although generally more so than Swindon).*

*The historical centre of England is traditionally at Meriden, just outside Birmingham. The geographical centre is probably nearer Manchester, and the centre of Great Britain as a whole is Cumbria.*

*Given accessibility as a requirement for national archives, could I put in a plea for my birthplace, Birmingham, centre of the motorway network, fast train services in all directions (perhaps not East Anglia) and an international airport handily located by the NEC?*

*Brum now has the best concert hall in the country, home of the CBSO, and has attracted Sadler's Wells (now Royal Birmingham Ballet Company) and D'Oyly Carte to base themselves here.*

*Yours geographically,*
*DAVID SPILSBURY,*

*Cannon Hill, Birmingham.*

## Vagaries

*Sir,*

*Being one of the millions of unemployed I attend a job centre in the Barnet area, and as our job leader does not turn up until the time of commencement at 9.30am, many of our people are left waiting on the doorstep, quite often in the cold and rain. This is due to the fact that the Conservative employees of Barnet council object to us waiting in the hall as it offends their sensibilities seeing these "vagrants" hanging around and have given orders that we are not to be allowed in until the job leader arrives.*

*Yours faithfully*
*Name and address withheld*

## Piano lesson

*Sir,*

*In your piece "Knacker named as Britain's number one Nazi hunter"* (EYE *767) your report that the campaign will involve "ze sharp look out for anyone buying piano wire". I expect that this is a witty allusion to the method by which the plotters of July 1944 were executed, a process so protracted and revolting that even the SS refused to sit through the films of it which Hitler had had made for them.*

*I write just in case any of your readers should, merely through having failed to spot the reference, have missed such an amusing joke.*

*Yours faithfully,*
*MATTHEW BUNCOMBE,*

*Royston, Herts.*

# Colemanballs

*£10 paid for contributions*

*"Ablett — wringing his head with disappointment..."*
**JIMMY GREAVES, ITV**
**(B. Whymark)**

*"Of course he [Jim Morrison] is dead now, which is a high price to pay for immortality."*
**GLORIA ESTEFAN, Radio 1**
**(David Runciman)**

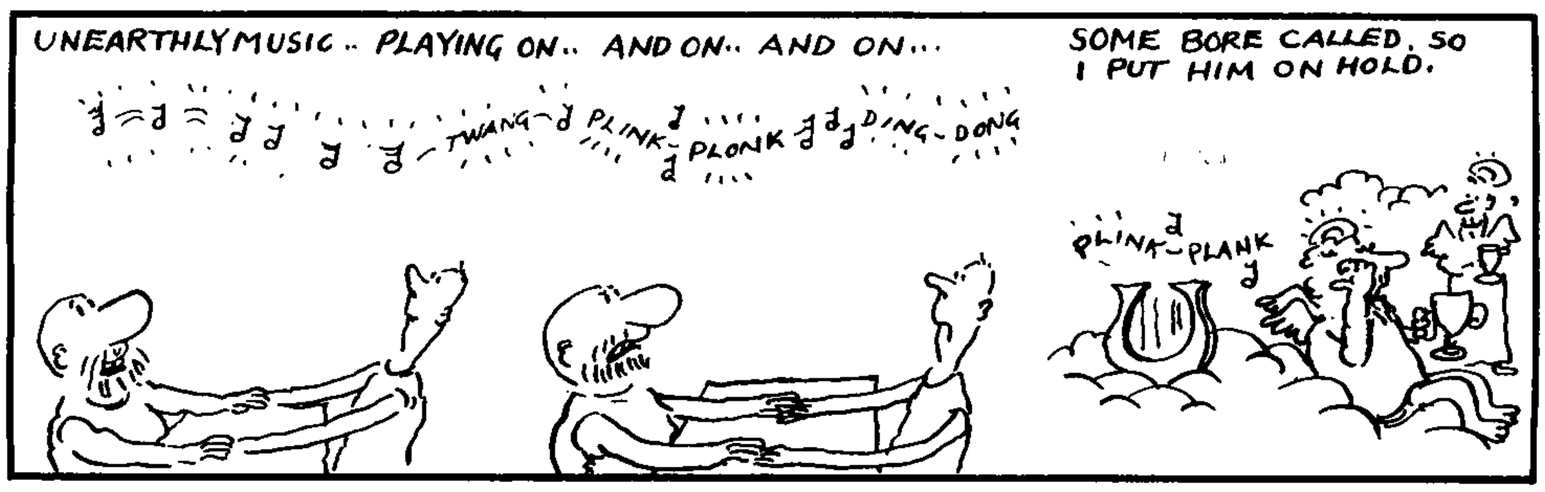
*"Northern trainers have got a lot of ammunition in their larder."*
**RICHARD PITMAN, BBC TV**
**(K. Watts)**

*"This is a tried and practised scheme. It's not a fly in the pan idea."*
**MIKE MORRISON, TV-am**
**(Mark Thomas)**

*"If you [Ian St John] had stopped being the player you were, you wouldn't have been the player you've been."*
**BOBBY CAMPBELL, ITV**
**(Philip Davies)**

# HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



# Sporting Life

**RARELY can there have been so many twisted knickers on display in the racing community since Roger Cook turned his attentions to the Martin Pipe training operation on 6 May.**

It was only a 30-minute programme, yet from the reaction to it by some hacks you'd think Cook had taken over ITV for the entire evening in order to broadcast a ceaseless diet of animal rights propaganda. Nobody should be too surprised by this hysteria: horse racing is still an exceptionally small, closed and conservative world and its response to most controversies (excessive use of the whip, the Grand National, jockeys, tax evasion and under the counter payments, etc) is to appeal to the instincts of the club — "Let's close ranks and repel boarders."

And Cook's report, whatever else it achieved, most definitely touched racing's Achilles' heel: what is the price the horses pay for the pleasure that everybody gets out of the sport, and are there limits beyond which the horses ought not to be asked to go?

This especially pertains to horses with leg problems running in jump races on hard ground in May and August. And bringing up the topic is not the way to obtain easy popularity. The critic is usually told he or she is putting the whole future of racing (and the future employment of countless selfless racing correspondents) at risk and is threatened with being excluded from Monty Court's next birthday party.

Cook could have proved beyond doubt, say, that Martin Pipe had a contract to supply ex-selling hurdlers to a horse butcher in Rouen and the response would still have been pretty much the same. As it is, in their eagerness to justify Pipe's methods and rubbish Cook, the press has recast Pipe and Peter Scudamore as a cross between Mother Theresa and Snow White. The most remarkably gung-ho performance has been that of the terrier-like Bruffscott, who in his *Racing Post* leading article of 8 May laid aside the mantle of award-winning journalist and sounded like a tub-thumping 1950s scout troop leader warning against the moral perils of wearing overly tight shorts.

Cook, his producers and researchers, we were told, were nothing but "malicious meddlers" and "green horn gossips" (note the alliteration) while everybody who appeared on his programme was either a malcontent, a deadbeat or a nobody. Or conceivably all three. This description was presumably meant to cover a past president of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons as well as Monica Dickinson, Jenny Pitman and Red Rum's trainer Ginger McCain, who for merely sharing his thoughts on camera was subsequently made to feel that he had so disgraced himself that he ended up issuing a sort of public re-cantation à la Cambodia Year One.

If Cook's interview with Pipe seemed a trifle wooden and if he appeared to fail to bring sufficient clarity to his statistical evidence, this may have been because unbeknown to the viewing public a shapely female representative of our old friend Peter Carter-Fuck was present throughout and actually read a statement beforehand stipulating exactly what questions Cook could and could not ask.

Specific references to the knacker's yard were not on the agenda. Scudamore even had a script that had been written for him in advance and it was his unwillingness or inability to respond to more than one point in his own words that led to him making only a brief appearance in the edited programme.

*'Major Bonkers'*

Dennarg
Ebenthe Estate
Dulwich

SOMEWHERE IN BELGRAVIA

Dear Bill,

Forgive the longish silence, but I've been rather overwhelmed by having the little woman hanging about the house all day while I'm trying to work the microwave. I have managed to fill a sufficient number of Highland Spring bottles with G and T to keep going pro tem, but the stress is beginning to tell.

When the news got out that we were moving to Chester Square I got a call from Maurice P. offering his pantechnicons free of charge in exchange for a plug on the News at Ten, and since then it's been pretty good chaos. A Mr Tariq appeared, with a string of letters to his name and various degrees in removal technology, claiming to be Maurice's chief packer. Everything down to fag-ends resting on the side of ash-trays and bits of used soap was wrapped up and crated by willing, if swarthy, hands, and that, to date, is the last we have seen of it. Maurice thinks it may have gone to Chester, but my hunch is that it will soon appear in the current police exhibition of stolen objects near Birmingham.

As I think I may have told you, the Boss has been in a very volatile state since the unfortunate events of the autumn, and I had the gravest doubts about the wisdom of her opening her heart to a Miss Latrompe of the American magazine Vanity Bag. Admittedly there's hardly a soul, from the road-sweeper up, to whom she has not opened her heart in the past few months, but this was for mass circulation. I thought it prudent to sit in on the tete a tete, pretending to be worse for wear and dozing off a heavy lunch.

"It mush have been a truly terrible trauma for you, Lady Thatcher!" the Manhatten harpie began. "Would you say your whole world was shattered into a million pieces like a priceless Lalique stained-glass mirror?" This was enough to turn on the waterworks despite the hosepipe ban, and M. sobbed loudly for some moments before answering. At this there was a sustained thumping on the wall, and the anguished voice of our neighbour saying some of them were trying to get a bit of sleep. I don't know whether you know him, Bill. A mad violinist Johnny who stands on his head before breakfast and has a very talkative wife. He turns out to be very touchy about noise.

"And how does it feel, Ma'am, to be able to spend more leisure time with your precious dear ones?" "Sod that!" erupted Margaret unexpectedly, giving yours truly a fairly shirty look. "Home, as my husband knows, is somewhere you come when you're unemployed. Look at him. A vegetable! I've warned him about lunchtime drinking but he takes not a blind bit of notice. Now," she continued, drying her eyes and fixing Miss Latrompe with a hypnotic glare, "write this down exactly as I dictate it. Mrs Thatcher is still vibrant and full of energy, and she has no intention of being forced to take a back seat…" I deemed it prudent to wake up at this point, an unwise move as it turned out, as I was instantly cindered by the gamma rays and ordered to take myself off to the R.A.C. As I cleared the door I listened with sinking heart as M. began to lambast poor little Major for dismantling the Poll Tax and being "so wet you could ring him out".

I hope you got my pc from Jo'burg. The Boss, as you can imagine, was on Cloud Nine, having received a personal guarantee from de Klerk that there would be a red carpet at all the major venues, presonal motorcade and liveried outriders, the freedom of the city and a platform wherever she went to lecture the world on her Destiny and the folly of opposing her inevitable return to power. He even laid on crowds of demonstrators shouting "Maggie Out!!" to remind her of the old days.

While the Boss was being feted by the Boers, I made a rather half-hearted effort to contact your friend the Diamond King to suggest a tie-up with Maurice's Pic-Crap Jewellery consortium. Somebody's got to make some money now the Boy Mark has launched himself as a literary agent and effectively fouled up the Memoirs Deal.

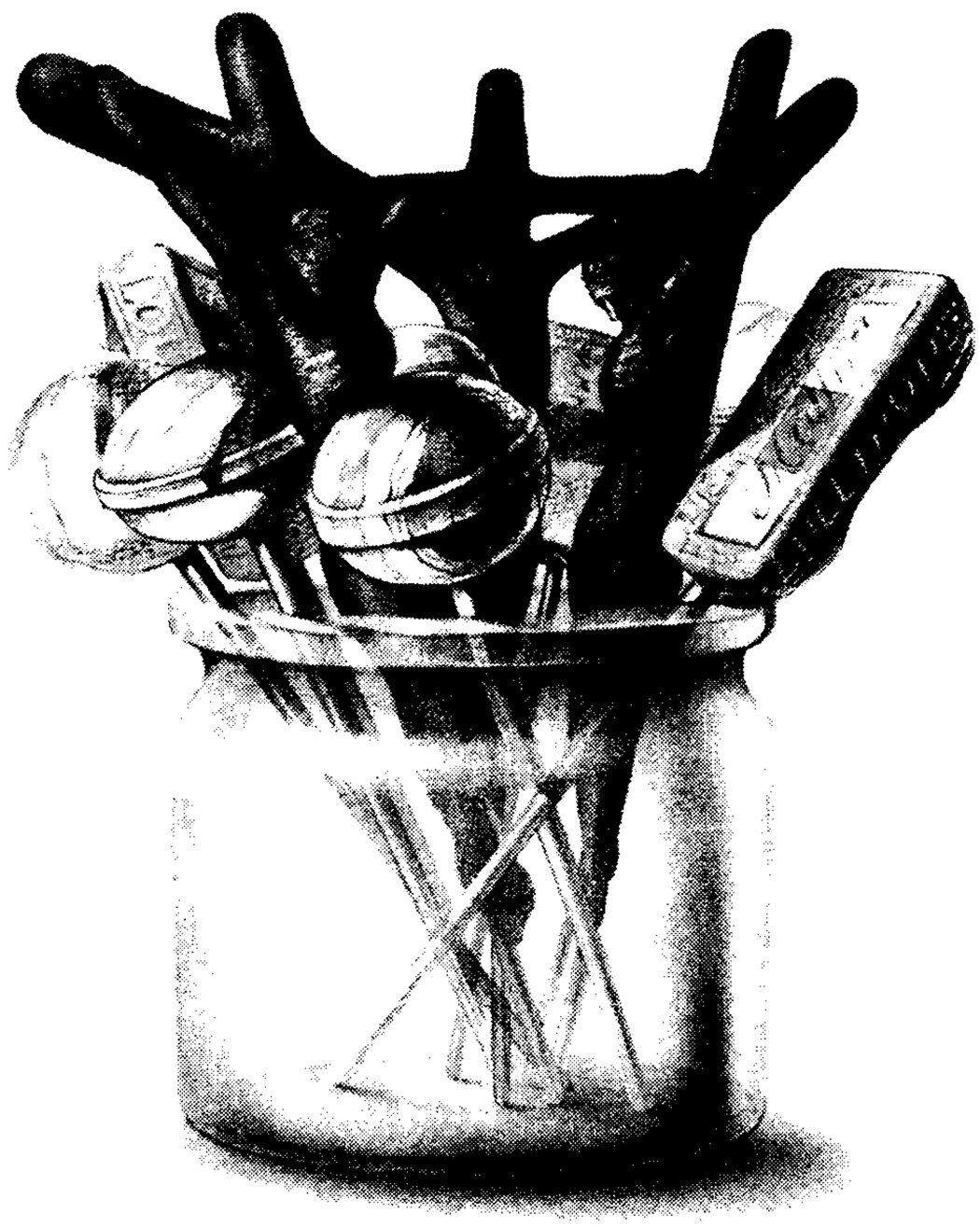
Yours in the red,

Denis

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

# TRUE STORIES

Illuminated by BERT KITCHEN



HAVING stopped their car to help a blind man across the road, Mr and Mrs Anthony Ayres were surprised when the man began to beat them with his white stick.

After the incident, Mr R.A. Fulwood of Gwent, their attacker, said: "Six years ago I was given a half-trained guide dog. When I gave it back my family disowned me — and for the last two years I have had no Christmas dinner. A chap gets fed up."

*"WE WERE enjoying a TV snack when they began to demolish our house," said Mrs Ervin Hallman, a retired security guard of Pompano Beach, Florida.*

*"My husband tried to open the front door but it was blocked by a bulldozer. I got out through the window and an official, who turned out to be Assistant Building Director Hank Willis, asked me what had become of the demolition order his department sent us three months ago.*

*"Before I had time to answer his men had driven a hole through the side of the house. When my husband came over to him, Hank Willis said: 'It's a bit messy, I agree, but as we've only removed one load-bearing wall you haven't that much to complain about. A coat of paint and it will be as good as new.' It was then that we attacked him."*

DURING his interview, Mr Kevin Cooper admitted that his football team, the Arnos Juniors, deserved their entry in the *Guinness Book of Records* as the worst football team in the world.

"This season we lost 45 games and had 530 goals scored against us. My players are completely without any skill. I shout myself hoarse every week trying to get them to do better. Our goalkeeper is one of our very best players. He is incredibly brave. He has injured his legs and his back while defending his posts. However, the boys are not downhearted and we are starting a fund-raising drive to provide the club with better facilities."

*ANSWERING charges of indiscipline among his men, Chief Inspector Titus Pamben of the New Ireland (Papua) police said:*

*"I like peace and quiet and I believe in efficiency. There were people out all night, laughing and talking in the streets. The gaol was full of merrymakers. So I have ruled that no one is allowed on the streets after 9pm.*

*"We have begum a new style of punishment for merrymakers. We arrest them, take them down to the beach, and make them go for a swim, men and women alike, but with their clothes on so as to discourage immorality. There have been hundreds of complaints, but I am not giving in."*

MR Madi Agoro, the editor of *Uganda Vision*, a newspaper, has been forced to make a public apology to the headmaster and the pupils of Koch Goma School in the Kitgam district.

During his apology, which he had to read out on Radio Uganda, Mr Agoro said: "It is quite untrue, as my newspaper alleged, that the pupils of Koch Goma School killed their headmaster, Mr Julio Odur, because he gave them such bad marks. It is also untrue to say, as my paper said, that they then cooked and ate him.

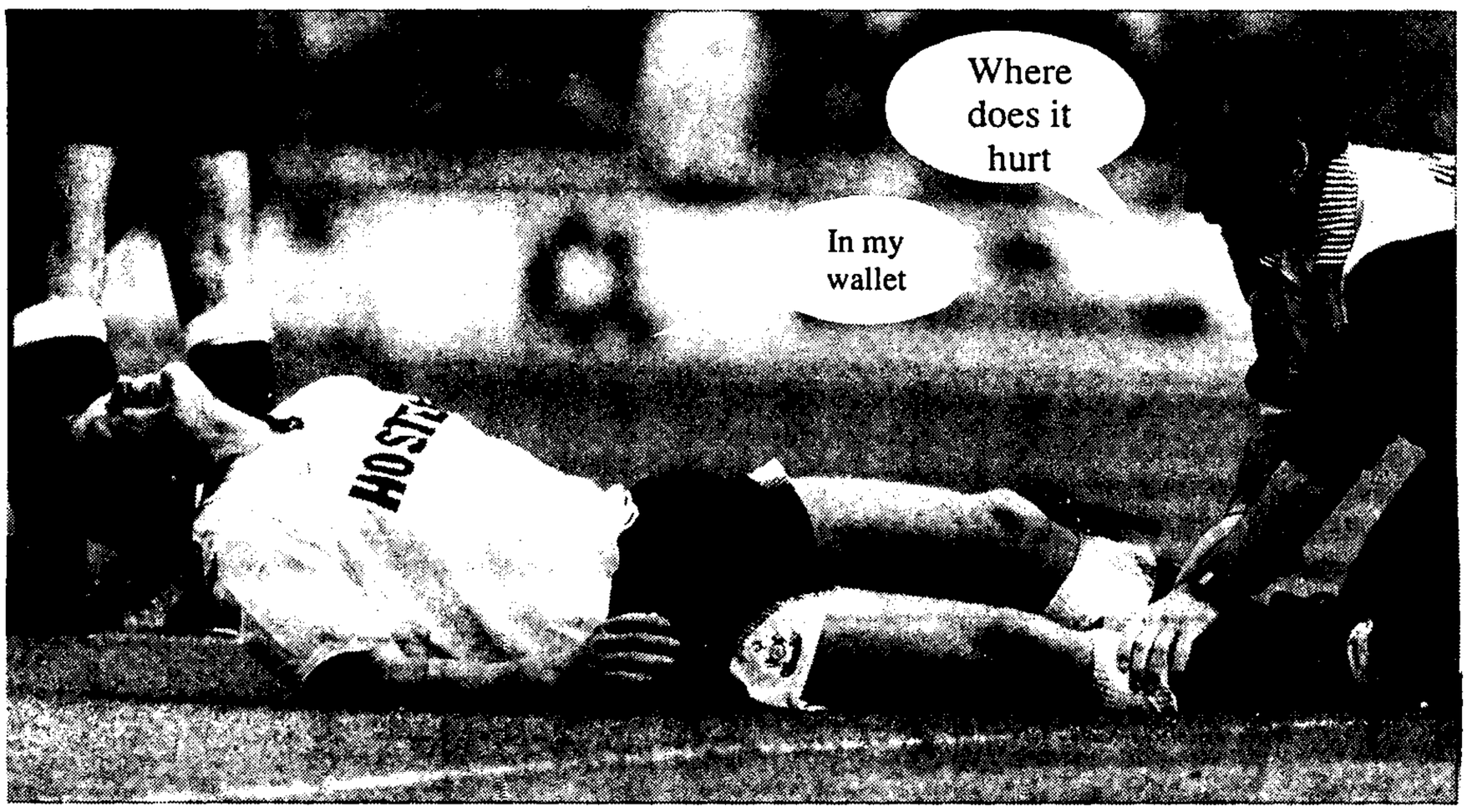
"In fact, Mr Odur is a very popular teacher and his pupils made 20,000 mud bricks for his new house in their own spare time."

**DENYING that his chocolate crucifixes with a Christ figure that bleeds red jam when eaten are in bad taste, Mr Richard Manderson, a Canberra confectioner, said:**

**"The object of my *Sweet Jesus* chocolate is to put religion back into Easter with an edible icon. People who are offended by the icon have lost touch with reality. A Sweet Jesus crucifix will remind them that Easter is more than three days on the beach."**

INFORMATION: South Wales Argus 5.4.91; Florida Today 4.1.91; Bristol Journal 17.1.91; Papua Post Courier 17.1.91; Uganda Journal 2.3.91; Melbourne Sun-Herald 28.3.91.

MONITORS: R.H. & K.M. Clark, Michael Crowe, R.N. Cross, C.W.L. Mercer, Matthew Mawson, Dr S.D. Hamann.




# THOSE PAISLEY-MAJOR TALKS IN FULL

1. We have come to an agreement.
2. Dr Paisley does not agree.
3. Er...
4. That's it.

# Bermuda Triangle Mystery Solved

by Our Media Staff
**Jane Thynne-Air**

**THE WORLD'S greatest mystery has at last been solved, it was revealed today. For hundreds of years, scientists have been baffled by the mysterious phenomenon known as the Bermuda Triangle, but now, thanks to a chance discovery by deep sea divers, all has been explained.**

What did happen to the millions of unsold copies of *The European* that suddenly disappeared from sight in the late 1980s?

## Huge Wreck

The last recorded message from the Pergamon warehouse near Oxford was the enigmatic "We'll never shift this lot, Captain," heard over the telephone. What could it mean?

Wild theories were produced to explain the disappearance: Flying saucers, spontaneous combustion, a plasma vortex. The most outrageous theory of all was that ordinary people had bought the newspapers to read. But this was dismissed even by Eric Von Daniken.

But finally the truth emerged yesterday when oceanic explorers located a huge barrier reef under the sea off Bermuda hundreds of miles long and millions of miles wide, composed entirely of bundles of rotting newsprint, making it the largest man-made sub-aqueous formation in history.

Scattered along its jagged surface were the wrecks of ships and aeroplanes. A grim warning to everyone of the terrible dangers of *The European.*

Robert Maxwell is 59 stone.

# A Doctor Writes
# Saunders Syndrome

As a doctor, I am often asked by lawyers: "Doctor, can you get my client out of prison?"

Before I reply, I need to know a few details — like is the patient very rich? Is there a history of money in the family? And so on.

Usually it is impossible to help in such cases, due to the difficulties of detecting illness in poor people — what we call *Old-Lagiensis nonspondulis terminalis*, to use its full medical term.

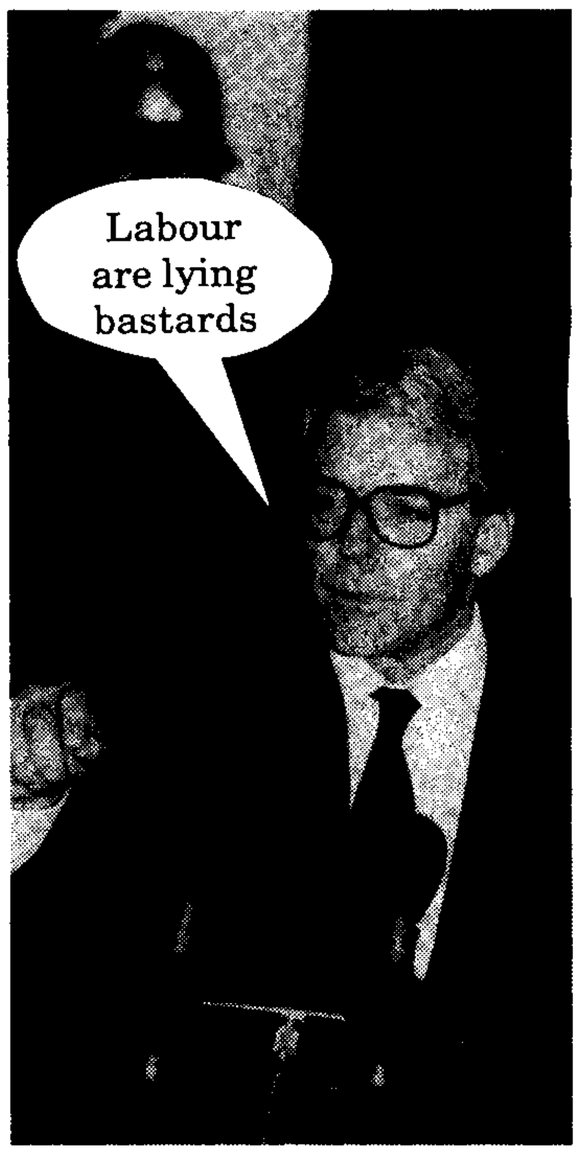
However, it is sometimes possible for me to administer an affidavit which will effect a quick release.

The affidavit should be composed of a suggestion that the patient is suffering from a non-detectable illness and can only be cured by not serving his sentence for fraud.

If you think that you need medical advice, you should consult your solicitor.

*©A. Doctor*

# *THAT NEW TORY MANIFESTO IN FULL*




# ★ "SHE WOULD NEVER WRITE AGAIN!"

THE STORY SO FAR: JILLY OF THE FIFTH DREAMS OF BEING A TOP AUTHOR...
I'VE BEEN READING YOUR ESSAY ON "ME AND MY PONY"
DID YOU LIKE IT MISS SOMERVILLE?
I'M SORRY JILLY BUT I FOUND THE DESCRIPTION OF ORAL SEX FRANKLY APPALLING!
WHAT? NOT GRAPHIC ENOUGH? I CAN SPICE IT UP A BIT MISS.
THE FIFTH
NO, JILLY, WHAT I'M SAYING IS THAT FROM NOW ON YOU ARE BANNED FROM WRITING!
ROTTEN LUCK JILLY OF THE FIFTH!
WHAT A SWIZZ!
BUT WHAT ABOUT MY ENTRY FOR THE SCHOOL STORY PRIZE. IT'S ABOUT THE ST. BEDE'S GYMKHANA...
THAT SOUNDS BETTER.
... WHERE THEY ALL GIVE EACH OTHER BLOW-JOBS IN THE STABLES.
THAT'S IT, GIRL YOU WILL NEVER WRITE AGAIN!
SOB!
THAT NIGHT...
TEARS ARE STREAMING DOWN MY FACE LIKE HOT SWEAT TRICKLING BETWEEN HIS HEAVING MUSCLY THIGHS DOWN TO HIS FIRM GROIN...
LIGHTS OUT JILLY, AND YOU'D BETTER NOT BE WRITING!
I KNOW! I'LL ENTER THE COMPETITION ANONYMOUSLY. THAT WAY I'M SURE TO WIN!
AT THE PRIZE-GIVING BY A FAMOUS LONDON PUBLISHER...
... NOW WE COME TO THE SCHOOL STORY PRIZE WHICH THIS YEAR I HAVE DECIDED TO AWARD TO THE ESSAY "GROOMING YOUR HORSE" BY ANNE ONYMOUS.
PLEASE SIR! I'M ANNE ONYMOUS! IT IS ME SIR! ME SIR, JILLY OF THE FIFTH.
BUT I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NEVER TO DO ANY WRITING AGAIN, JILLY.
THIS ISN'T WRITING IT'S GARBAGE.
I'LL BUY IT! JUST GIVE ME A LOT MORE OF THIS GRISTLE GOBBLING BITS AND A HUGE CHEQUE IS YOURS
SWOON
HOORAY FOR JILLY, OUR GAP-TOOTHED HEROINE!!
SO JILLY DID BECOME A FAMOUS AUTHOR AFTER ALL AND LIVED UNHAPPILY EVER AFTER.

# The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

## Monday

Mr O'Donnell tells me that I have been very considerably enjoying a television programme called *The Darling Buds of May*. When I asked him what he was talking about he said that he had already told the papers that it was my favourite programme, which showed how in touch I was with the way the millions of ordinary classless people think. He gave me a video that he had sent for from the television company. Norman and I watched it whilst we were eating our lunch. I was in no small measure appalled. It was about a man who didn't pay his taxes. As I said to Norman, if everyone behaved like this man in the programme the country would be in a complete mess, with unemployment soaring, the government having to borrow billions of pounds and the economy collapsing about our ears. I rang Mr O'Donnell and told him what I thought of his video, but he said it didn't matter at all. "I've already worked it into your Perth speech," he said, "where you promise at the end that everything in this country will soon be 'considerably perfick'."

## Tuesday

Today is the day of my big policy speech in Perth. I looked it up on the map in my office and discovered that it is a place in Australia, but fortunately Mr Hurd came in and saved me from a considerably long journey because, in fact, I had to go to Scotland! "Well, that is just perfick," I said, hoping to raise a smile from Mr Hurd, but he only replied "the word is 'perfect', John, please don't embarrass us in public."

In fact my speech went down very well. I said: "I know you are all expecting a very important announcement from me. Well, here it is. I'm certainly not going to announce anything important today!" I got a standing ovation for this.

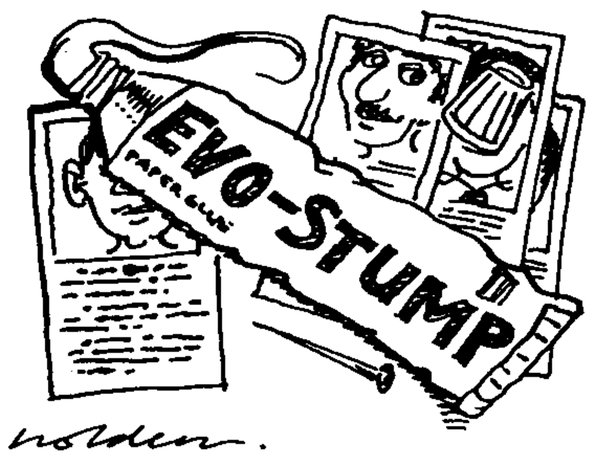
## Wednesday

I had put aside this evening for sticking in my collection of Famous Cricketer cigarette cards. The problem is whether to put them in alphabetical or batting order. E.g. Should C.L. Badcock be ahead of Cyril Washbrook, or vice versa? In my judgement there are merits to both cases. I cannot decide. But my old friend Jeffrey Archer solved the problem for me when he rang up to say it was very important for me to spend that evening at a concert at Wembley. I told him I had something even more important to do, but he said that the next election could easily depend on my being there. The concert was to raise money for the Kurds and everyone was going to be there, including Mr Kinnock and Mr Ashdown. I pointed out that I had already met them. No, said Jeffrey, the point is it is vital for you to be associated with good causes, rather than just the Conservative Party.

## Thursday

My enthusiasm for Europe is very markedly on the wane. When I was the Chancellor of the Exchequer there was a great fuss about only having one sort of money in Europe. I remember my friend Chris joked at the time that this was to be called the Deutschmark, but in fact it was called the Ecu. Mrs Thatcher didn't want this at all, so I came up with what everyone agreed was a brilliant compromise which I called the Hard Ecu, an expression which soon caught on to a very appreciable degree.

My proposal was very simple. Everyone would have the choice, if he was paying for a meal in a restaurant, for example, to pay either in my new Hard Ecus, or in whatever the local currency happened to be in the country in question, such as Belgian francs, pesetas or whatever. All that was needed was for commercial premises to convert all pricing to a dual system, altered daily according to the exchange rate measured against a basket of European currencies. But oh no, say the grey men of Brussels! They have decided that one currency is much simpler. No wonder Mrs Thatcher got so remarkably cross with them all just before she resigned.




## Friday

The Health Service is certainly giving me a headache! I have had to agree to meet the British Medical Association. At breakfast this morning I mentioned to Norman that I was seeing a lot of doctors later in the morning. Her eyes lit up and she rushed off to telephone her friend on *Hello* magazine. I heard her say: "He's really bad this time. I think he's slipping away."

Later there was a knock at the door of my study, and the deputation came in, led by a very large man called Dr Paisley. As soon as he came in he banged his fist on my desk sending all the biros flying, and said that he was "very angry indeed" at the way the talks were going. He and his colleagues weren't going to stand for it any longer. I said to them that I could not be bullied, and that they should be grateful that the Government had built more hospitals in the last 10 years than any previous administration. This certainly shut the doctor up. He went purple in the face and stormed out, shouting: "This means war. It's your funeral, Major!" Norman must have heard this, because I later saw her telling her friend from *Hello* that the doctors had told me I was a terminal case. Mr Waldegrave has a lot to answer for.

## Saturday

We have lost at Monmouth by a quite considerable margin. Mr Waldegrave says that the Labour Party has been telling lies about the National Health. "That's our job," said my friend Chris. Mr Waldegrave said Labour told everyone that the local hospital was going to opt out. Given the result, I think it is perhaps time that Mr Waldegrave opted out as well.

Obviously what is now needed is a strong man at the top, a man who will spell out exactly what we mean. "Is Mrs Thatcher coming back then?" asked Mr Waldegrave. There are many job losses in the National Health Service and one more will not be noticed. Oh yes. Or rather, oh no.

Mrs Thatcher never even used the health service. She always went private whereas when Norman insisted that I have a check-up to make sure I'm still alive I joined the queue like everyone else. By the time they got to see me I was feeling 100 per cent better so I saved them the trouble.

## Sunday

Well, the Labour Party are certainly on the run. All they can do is accuse us of "whingeing" about losing the by-election. What a pathetic charge to make! It is terribly unfair to accuse us of "whingeing". Where is one example of "whingeing" I would like to know or one example of us being bad losers? You see. We simply are not whingeing. Not at all. We're not. I cannot say this too often.

# That Queen's Washington Sizzler in full

**What Her Majesty missed by turning down the kind invitation of Mrs Bebopalula Jehosophat to luncheon.**

***Black Windsor Soup***

— ✻ —

***Sole James Brown***

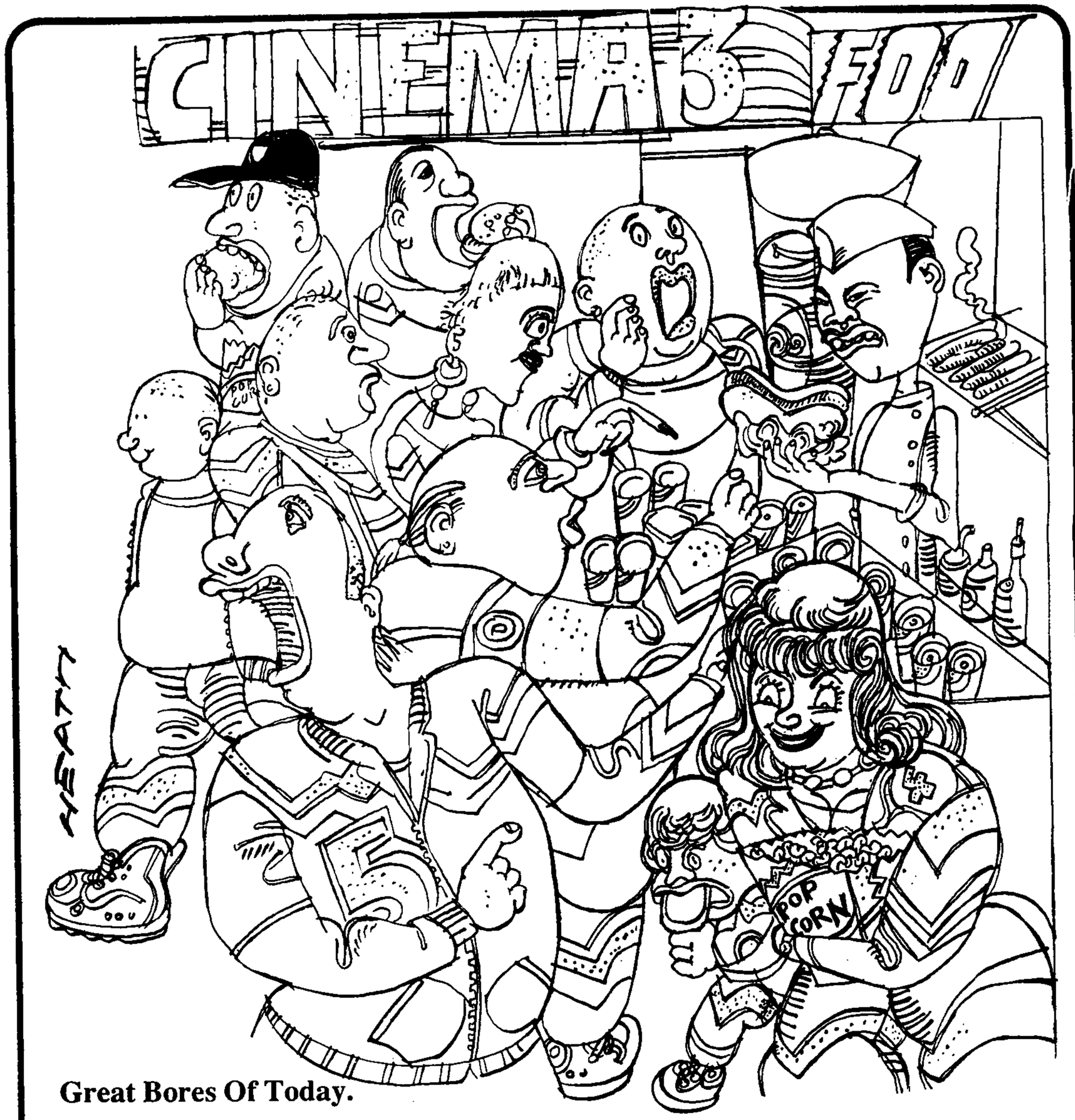
— ✻ —

***Queen of Puddings***

— ✻ —

***Cheese and Crack***

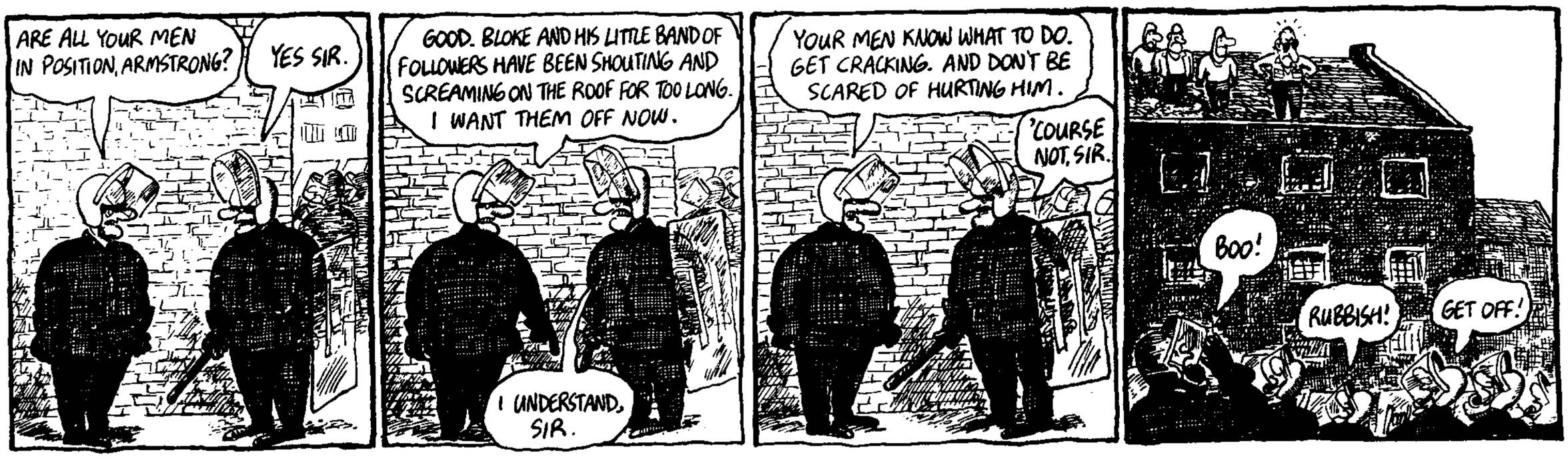
***(To be accompanied by Diet Cocaine)***




**Great Bores Of Today.**

"... 'e's 'is own worst enemy on 'is day 'e's worth every penny of the 8½ million but 'e's got a fatal flaw like so many geniuses I mean you could put the first foul down to enthusiasm but the second one was well out of order 'e's only himself to blame it's poetic justice when you look at it the irony is that it's the same ligaments that put Cloughie out of the game 28 years ago you see once you've done your knee in you've had it it's the only joint that goes one way if 'e was a darts player there'd be no problem 'e's got the figure for it well it may heal but 'e'll never be the same player mind you with this keyhole surgery they can do miracles but I still don't reckon 'e'll be going to Lazio but it's 'is head that needs operating on if you ask me if there's anyone I feel sorry for it's the bloke who scored the own goal 'e played 'is heart out didn't see 'im crying though well that's football..."




ARE ALL YOUR MEN IN POSITION, ARMSTRONG?
YES SIR.
GOOD. BLOKE AND HIS LITTLE BAND OF FOLLOWERS HAVE BEEN SHOUTING AND SCREAMING ON THE ROOF FOR TOO LONG. I WANT THEM OFF NOW.
I UNDERSTAND, SIR.
YOUR MEN KNOW WHAT TO DO. GET CRACKING. AND DON'T BE SCARED OF HURTING HIM.
'COURSE NOT, SIR.
BOO!
RUBBISH!
GET OFF!

# Madonna in new outrage

by Our Cannes Staff
P.R. Handout

**IN HER most shocking stunt to date, Madonna yesterday climbed out of a stretch limousine in Cannes' main street and walked the ten yards to her hotel *FULLY CLOTHED.***

Paparazzi and onlookers alike gazed open-mouthed as the diminutive superstar publicly flaunted herself to the crowds wearing only blue jeans, white trainers, a T-shirt and a leather jacket.

This extraordinary exhibition went on for over 30 seconds, and one hardened Madonna watcher was forced to admit:

"I've never been so stunned. This beats everything. We all knew she would go over the top one day but we didn't realise it would be anything like this."

However, a spokesman for the multi-million-selling recording star defended Madonna and said:

"In no way is this a publicity stunt. Madonna wearing clothes may seem offensive to some people but it is a serious artistic statement reflecting her development as a cultural icon."

The spokesman continued:

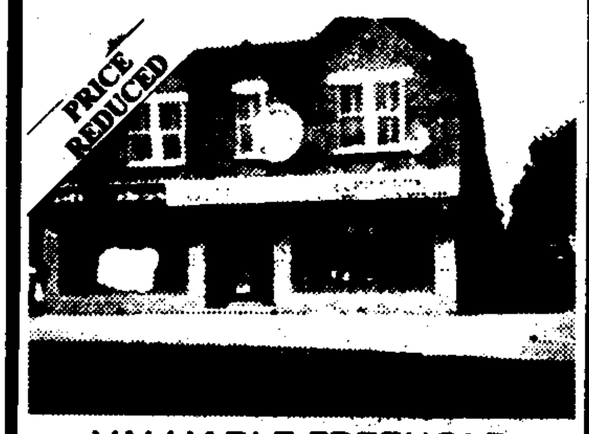
"It is entirely unconnected with the release of her film, *Madonna With Clothes On*, this morning."

He concluded:

"Now shut up or I'll kick your face in."

Marilyn Monroe is dead.


**CASTLE ROAD**




VALUABLE FREEHOLD INCORPORATING TWO SHOPS AND SELF-CONTAINED FLAT. VACANT POSSESSION IF REQUIRED. GOOF OPPORTUNITY FOR INVESTMENT PRICE £180,000.

*The Bedford Herald & Post Property Profile*

**BRENTFORD**

**£65,000**

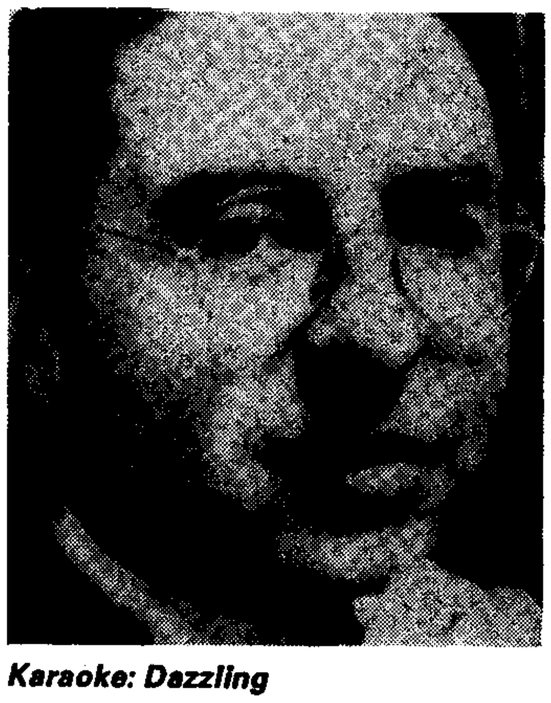
★ 3 bed end terrace house
★ loving room, kitchen
★ Bathroom & w.c.
★ Gas c/h, large rear gdn.

*Hounslow Borough Informer*

# Cannes Diary

## Thursday

Crowds thronged to the Yugoslav pavilion for the long-awaited premiere of Mikhail Schlug's first feature, *Dead Strawberries*, which examines the childhood of a Yugoslavian writer whose father, a local communist official, hides his past from his son. A sensitive portrayal of an adolescent's rite of passage. Particularly memorable are the monochrome flashbacks to the tramshed, which are reminiscent of Beinhimov's later work, in particular *The Strawberry Trilogy*.



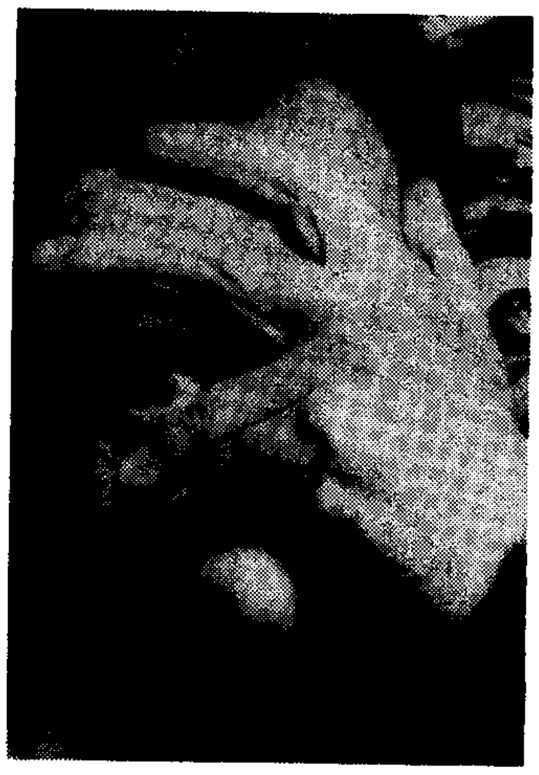
*Karaoke: Dazzling*

## Friday

The Japanese entry for the Jury's coveted Bourdes Stiffe Award delighted an appreciative audience, including such notable *directeurs* as Jean-Luc Bergerac, Anatoly Fiat, and young Cuban *enfant terrible* Tomaso Sorz. *ZZZZ* by Karaoke examines the childhood of a Japanese writer whose father, an official at a labour camp, hides his past from his son. A sensitive portrayal of an adolescent's rite of passage. There was spontaneous applause for the scene in which the young Tojo discovers his father's ceremonial sword hanging on the wall of an old tramshed. Shot in black and white, seven hours hardly does this masterpiece justice.

## Saturday

Cruised round the bars of the Cannes 'District Rouge' looking for action. *(Go back to the cinema. Ed.)*



*Werner Werner: Luminescent*

## Sunday

French Nouvelle Vague film noir *auteur* Marco Pierre Harvey received a standing ovation for the concluding part of his trilogy *Le Piat d'Or*. The film retraces the life of an elderly French writer back to his childhood in Vichy France, where his father was accused of collaborating with other filmmakers *(shurely 'the Germans' ? Ed)* and tries to hide his past from his son. A sensitive evocation of an adolescent's "rites de passage". Particularly memorable is the sequence in which Thierry, played by newcomer Gerard Manliopkins, confronts his father in a deserted "shède du tram". An obvious contender for the critics' Complete Prix award.

*Homme avec barbe*

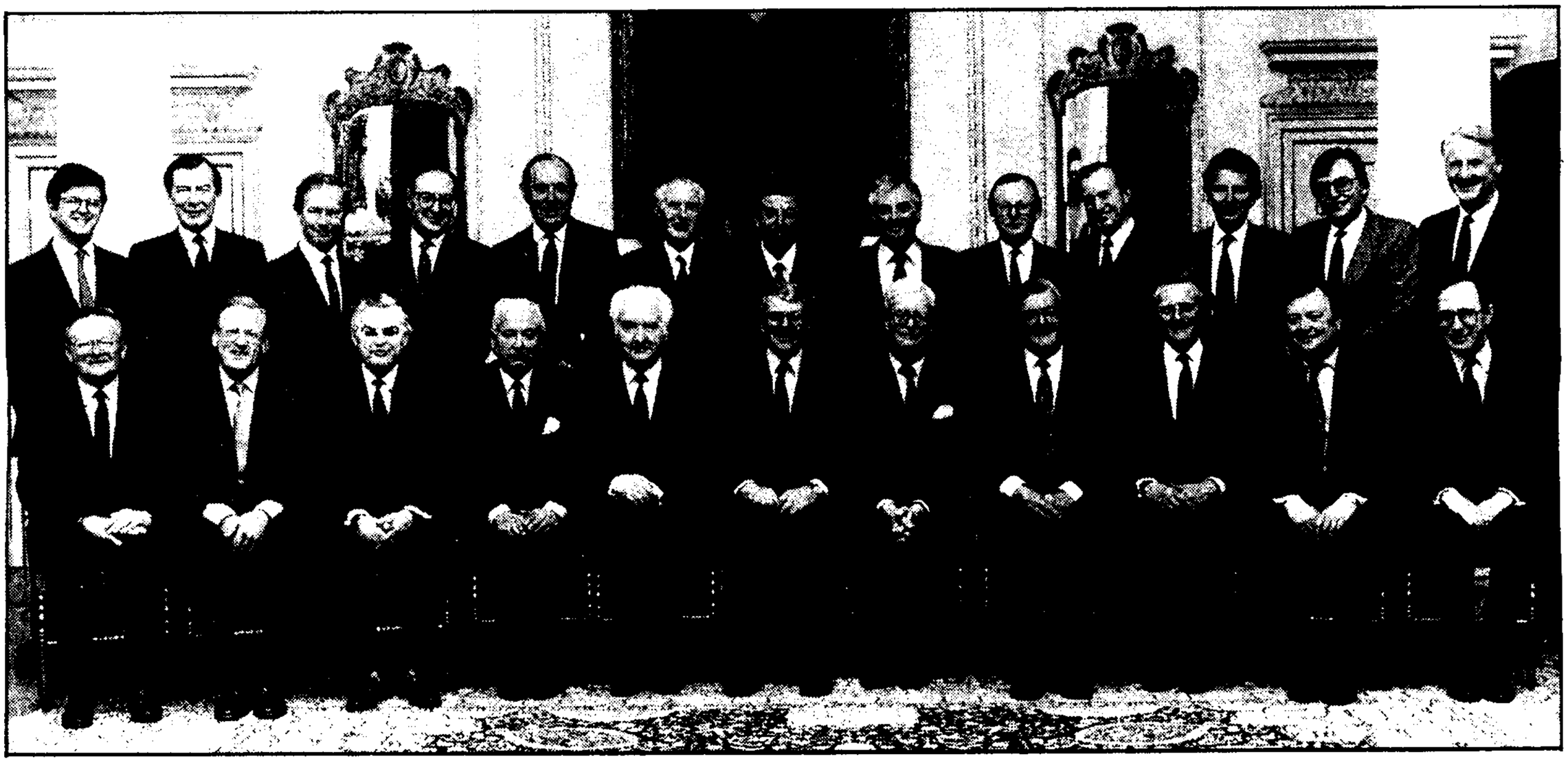
## Monday

Britain's sole entry this year is by the young BFI graduate Chris Dull. Set against the backdrop of the Brixton riots, *I'm A White Liberal, Aren't Black Guys Great?* tells the story of an English film director whose father paid for him to go to film school. A sensitive evocation of an adolescent's terrible attempt to make a film.

*(That's enough Cannes. Ed.)*

## EYE COMPETITION

# SPOT THE MAJOR-BALL



Look carefully at this picture and then, before you fall asleep, put an X on the face of the man who is the most boring person in the photograph.

### *IMPORTANT*

**You are allowed only one attempt.**

### *RULES*

**Members of the Cabinet and their families are not eligible to take part in this contest.**

**No prizes to be won**

# Yes! It's Sandie Shaw Rhyming Slang!

| | |
|---|---|
| Sandie Shaw | **Sixties bore** |
| No shoes | **Old news** |
| Bare feet | **Repeat** |
| Same again | **Buddhist, Zen** |
| Aged 44 | **Another encore** |
| Dated look | **Written a book** |
| "World at my feet" | **Rubbish (complete)** |
| Exclusive interviews | **Snooze** |
| Dagenham-born | **Yawn** |
| Jeff Banks | **No thanks** |
| *Puppet On A String* | **Couldn't sing** |

*(That's enough slang. Ed.)*

**7.0** **Top of the Pops**, Blur, Cher, Seal and Roxette to name just the monosyllabies appearing.

*Grauniad*

# HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

## SYLVIE KRIN

*THE STORY SO FAR: Prince Charles's staff problems are continuing...*

*Now read on...*

"HELLO, is that Callard and Bowser? It's Prince Charles. Yes, I rang you yesterday about a new private secretary. The last one you sent... Hello... Hello..."

The phone went dead for a moment and then the theme tune from *Jeeves and Wooster* echoed tinnily down the line.

It really was appalling, Charles thought. Wherever you went nowadays you got this terrible canned music thingy. Even on the phone.

He sat impatiently at his polished mahogany embonpoint covered with unsorted papers waiting to be organized by a new senior aide-de-camp. The previous incumbent, Air Commodore

Sir Reginald Trusslove, had lasted only a week and his sudden resignation had left the place in a mess. He cast an eye over the untidy mounds of carefully typed speeches, hand-written briefing notes from Dr Barkworth on "The Death of School Choirs", architectural drawings by Sir Quinlan Quentin of a new model village (Charleston on Bodkin Moor) and even his Filofax left open on the desk, a gift from Diana on their engagement all those years ago... Charles sighed... Where was she now, he wondered? Probably at some ghastly popular music event with her new friend Jeffrey Archer. That sort of thing was all very well but when there were millions of people starving in the world really there were more important things to do than listen to some man with long hair singing about a Lady in Bed...

"Hello. Callard and Bowser. Sorry to have kept you waiting. Putting you through..."

A young woman's voice at the other end of the line broke his reverie, and Charles was then connected to Humbert Callard, provider of gentlemen equerries to the Royal Household.

"Callard here, Sire. I gather there's been a spot of bother."

"There certainly has," Charles replied angrily. "One's patience, Callard, is getting pretty thin. First you sent me Rear Admiral Corncircle who was extremely insolent when I told him he had to meditate with me in the mornings. Then there was Brigadier Bostick who was downright rude. D'you know what he said to me?"

"What was that, Sir?"

"He suggested that since I drive an 8-litre Grampian Series 2 GT I perhaps should modify my opinions on petrol consumption."

There was a slight pause at the other end of the line. Mr Callard cleared his throat.

"Oh dear, Sire. We do try and do our best. But it is very difficult to find staff with your particular requirements, Sir."

Charles was not to be mollified.

"The last chap, Truss-thingie, double-booked Diana and myself with major engagements on the same day. I was trying to make a very important speech on Shakespeare and there she was chattering away about AIDS or

something and all the idiot journalists wrote about *her*..."

"I can't understand it, Sir. Trusslove had excellent references. The Air Ministry spoke very highly of him. One of their best men they said, double-First, Oxford Blue, decorated in the last war. Never had a single complaint."

"And he did something else," Charles butted in. "When Diana and I went to Prague he put us in separate rooms at different ends of the castle."

"But I understood that was what was wanted, Sir."

"Of course that's what I wanted, Callard, but I didn't want it to get in the papers!"

Charles pounded his fist on the desk top, squashing the remains of an organic Yoghurt and Ginseng sandwich left over from breakfast. A large blob of yellow filling splashed onto his tie unnoticed.

Callard apologized profusely. "Rest assured such an event will never occur again, Sire. As it happens I have just the man for you. He'll be along this afternoon."

The line suddenly became muffled as though a hand had gone over the receiver, and Charles thought he heard a voice saying: "Cynthia, get me the Difficult Employers file and see if there's anyone willing to take matey on."

Matey? Charles wondered. Could it be Lord Matey, some Irish peer that Diana had befriended? In any event it was no concern of his...

"IT'S NO concern of yours," said the Queen, dropping lumps of sugar into the mouths of a trio of her favourite corgis. The fiercest, Paisley, an old dog with no teeth that Charles had urged her to put to sleep many years ago, eyed the Prince suspiciously from beneath the tea table.

"All I'm saying, Mother, is that when people, your own subjects, don't actually recognise you at a horseshow then one does begin to feel that perhaps the monarch is, in a sense, I mean Sir Laurens puts it so well in his book, *Bee Keeping in the Andes*... Er, what was it? 'If the Queen Bee loses her jelly, the drones take over the hive.'"

"What nonsense!" the Queen snapped. "You do talk awful rubbish sometimes."

"No, Mother," Charles protested. "It's very true, especially when you think about it."

Paisley growled and inched towards Charles's foot. The Queen placed her cup down firmly on the table.

"What are you suggesting? Is this your old moan, Charles, about me giving you the job?"

"Well... er... it's just that some people nowadays are much more recognisable... have a much higher profile... speeches in the paper... television programmes... a face everyone knows..."

BACK in his study at Highgrove, Charles felt more than a little pleased with himself. He had stood up to his mother and made his point clearly. It was true and before long she would have to accept the fact.

There was a knock on the study door and Charles called "Enter!" A smartly dressed man with military bearing carrying a suitcase came into the room.

"I'm frightfully sorry to interrupt. I haven't got my bearings yet. I'm looking for Prince Charles, I'm his new man. You wouldn't happen to know where he was would you... ah, sorry... just didn't connect... I can see it now, alright, yes, I'll tell Callard to give you a ring... I say, no need to use that sort of language."

*(To be continued)*

# IN THE COURTS

**Before Mr Justice Cocklecarrot.**

**The case of Mrs Edwina Currie v. Mr Donald Pixie, editor of the** *Observer.*

**SIR HARTLEY REDFACE QC** *(for Mrs Currie)*: My Lord, it is my hideous duty to bring before this court one of the most loathsome and repulsive libels that has ever been perpetrated against any human being in the history of the world, viz that, on 23 April 1986, the "Eating Out" correspondent of the *Observer* newspaper, Miss Fay Mash, referred in her column to the experience of eating a "very hot curry" at the Amritsar Golden Temple restaurant, Uxbridge Road, west London, which had made her "feel distinctly unwell".

This disgraceful reference to my client was clearly designed to bring her political career to an immediate end. Any right-thinking person reading the phrase "hot curry" would have assumed, would he not, that my client was a libidinous and lascivious woman, the sort of woman who wears suspender belts beneath her skirts.

**MR JUSTICE COCKLE-DRAKE:** I wonder if it would help the jury here if we could have pictures?

**SIR HARTLEY:** I would merely ask you, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, to imagine it in your mind's eye. If I may pursue the question of meaning, My Lord, there can be little doubt that the words "hot curry" were intended to convey to the ordinary reader on the Clapham omnibus that my client was nothing better than a common prostitute, who was prepared at the drop of a hat to murder her children in order to further her political career.

**MR CARTER-RUCK:** Hooray, give us the money!

**MR JUSTICE COCKA-LEEKIE:** I must ask the solicitors for the plaintiff to restrain their greed, I mean their enthusiasm for justice, until after the jury have found the *Observer* guilty.

**MR GEORGE CAR-PERSON QC** *(for himself):* My Lord, it was never the intention of my client, Mr Pixie, or his highly respected newspaper, the *Sunday Lonrho*, to cast aspersions in any way on Mrs Currie, who, as all of you will have seen, is a ghastly, publicity-seeking old hag who has only brought this action in the hopes of making a fast buck, which she no doubt intends to spend on buying expensive lingerie, probably including suspenders and black stockings.

**MR JUSTICE COCKITUP:** I do think you would assist your client's case, Mr Carperson, if you were to provide the jury with some pictures.

**MR CARPARK:** My Lord, I am sure Mrs Currie would be willing to strip off here and now, if she thought there were a few bob in it, or even a few votes. Let me sum up by saying that it has never been our intention to suggest that Mrs Currie is anything other than a conscientious and hard-working politician. But since she and her pimp over there *(points to distinguished grey-haired solicitor, who little deserves this distasteful slur on his good name)* have brought this trouble on themselves, I would merely ask that you jail both of them for a minimum of 20 years, before they murder us all in our beds.

**MR JUSTICE COCKA-LOOPIE:** Before I run over the evidence, can I just be absolutely sure that there is no photographic documentation in the bundles?

*(Usher, Mr Cedric Fruitbowl, wakes up and shakes head disconsolately)*

**THE JUDGE:** Members of the jury, when you come to the question of damages, which you assuredly will, as this is a tradition of English law in cases of libel, I must ask you to be modest and to award a sum which is only commensurate with the amount of money which, say, Mrs Currie might hope to earn in the course of an evening's work, were she a prostitute, which of course she is not.

**MR EUGENE PUNTER** *(foreman of the jury):* You mean five grand, Your Honour?

**JUDGE:** Done.

*(Exeunt lawyers to count their money)*

# That Ingham TV contract in full

I the undersigned, Bernard Ingham of 42 Stalegrass Crescent, Heckmondwyke, Yorkshire, in the interests of making publicity for my book, The Darling Bunkum of Maggie, hereinafter known as "a nice little earner", do hereby consent and agree to appear on the television, to be interviewed for a period not exceeding six hours, by Mr Michael Cockerell, hereinafter known as "the cringing sycophant", on the following conditions, namely:

1. That I shall be bluff, tough, rough, gruff and guff.
2. That the interview shall contain at least three references to the late Mrs Thatcher bursting into tears, thus showing herself to be caring, warm-hearted, vulnerable, human, feminine and all the things that she isn't.
3. That I shall be filmed in an cowshed, shovelling shit, which is let's face it what I did for eleven years.
4. That I shall be permitted to give my own version of the Westland Affair, unchallenged by Mr Cockerell, who will be seen to nod vigorously at my more outrageous lies, e.g. that it was all cooked up by Miss Colette Bowe and that when I said to her "leak this letter now" what I meant was "if you get caught, you're on your own".
5. That I may use my famous catchphrase "bunkum and balderdash" for so many times as may help to convey the impression of me as rough, bluff, tough, gruff, guff (see condition 1).

Bernard Ingham

B. Ingham
for himself

A Boxwallah

A. Boxwallah
for the BBC

**CAVENDISH EDUCATIONAL CONSULTANTS**

The above named student has quated our office adress for correspondence. We would be grateful if you could ammend your records and send all future information, such as accomodation, joining instruction atc.) to the new adress below.

The Daily Telegraph

181 MARSH WALL LONDON E14 9SR TEL: 071 538 5000 TELEX: 22874/5
TRAFFORD PARK MANCHESTER M17 1SL TEL: 061 872 5939 TELEX: 66

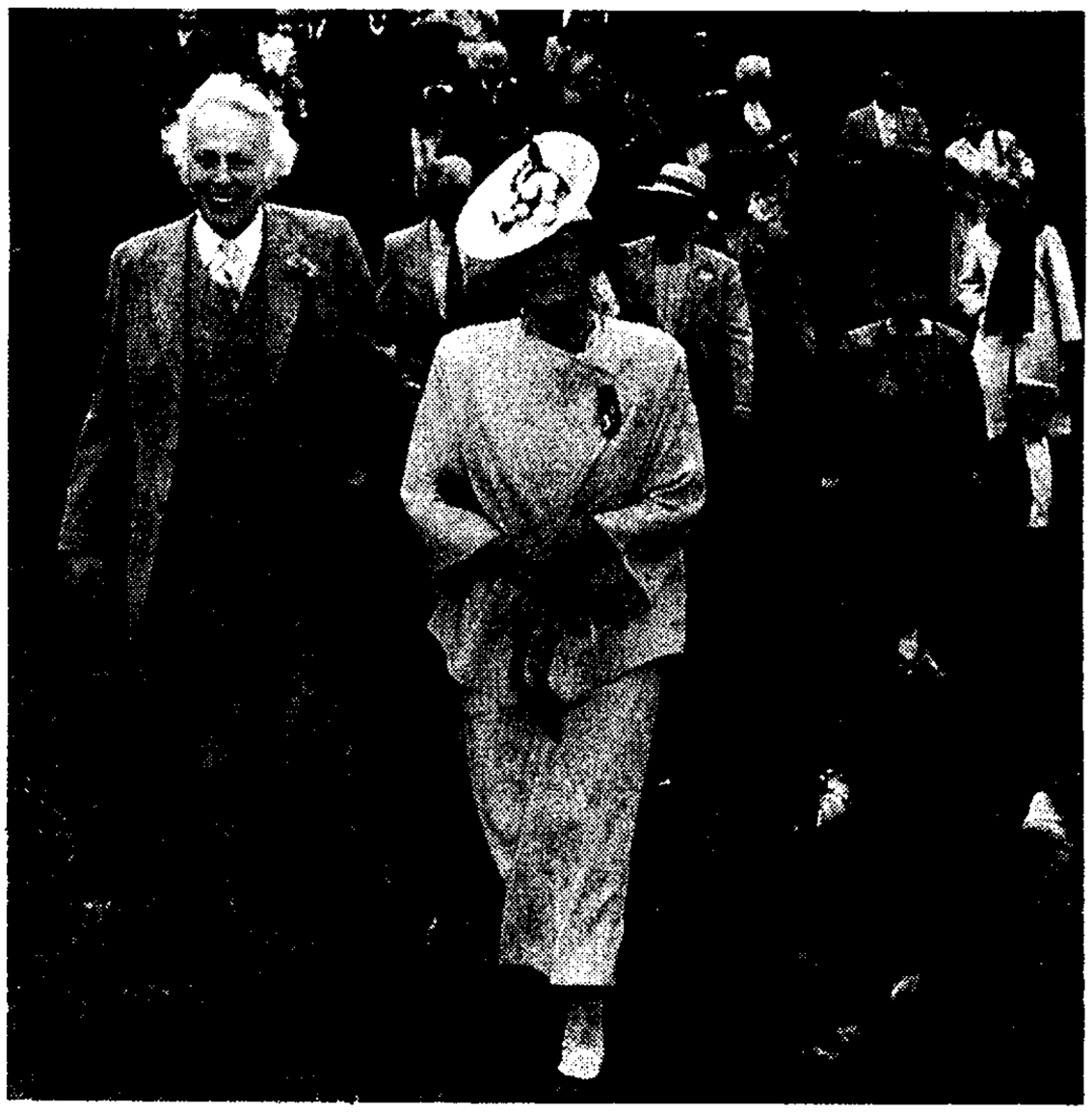
# A Tragedy For Africa

THERE can be no cause for rejoicing in the downfall of Mrs Winnie Mandela. The fact that the wife of the deputy leader of the African National Congress should have been sentenced to six years' imprisonment for kidnapping and assault should give no pleasure to those who have the best interests of all the peoples of South Africa at heart. The spectacle of the "Mother of the Nation" being found guilty of crimes against her own people, including dedicated campaigners against the evil of apartheid, is one from which no one of goodwill can draw any comfort.

Certainly this very unhappy personal tragedy must not be allowed in any way to influence our view of Mr Nelson Mandela, the deputy leader of the African National Congress, who throughout this sad affair has comported himself with the utmost dignity and decorum. No friend of southern Africa can doubt the overriding necessity that the negotiations currently in prospect between Mr Mandela and President de Klerk should go forward as urgently as possible, as the only hope of bringing lasting peace to that unhappy country.

Nevertheless, the outcome of the trial in Johannesburg must give rise to the most profound disquiet. Mrs Mandela is, after all, the wife of the deputy leader of the African National Congress, and her actions, even in her private life, must inevitably raise question marks over the judgement of those who are most closely associated with her, above all the deputy leader of the African National Congress Mr Nelson Mandela... lack of responsibility... gravest doubts about ability to govern... see what happens when these blacks are given an inch... can't trust them... running around with spears... leopard-skin accessories... only just down from trees... what did we always tell you?... serve 'em right... ha, ha, ha.

*© TV's Charles Moore, Deputy Leader-writer, Telegraph National Congress ("Conrad Black Majority Rule")*



# It's just Perry-fick!

by Our H.E. Bates Staff **Philip Larkin**

**THE STORY which in recent months has captured the imagination of the nation last night came to its heartwarming climax when lovable old rogue "Pop" Worsthorne finally married his buxom Lady Lucy at a traditional country wedding in a Waitrose carpark in Buckinghamshire.**

Every Sunday for weeks, millions of *Sunday Telegraph* readers have been following the amorous adventures of "Pop" and his blowsy fiancée, as they flouted convention by talking openly of their sex life together to every magazine and newspaper in the land.

But finally the white-haired old roué has made an honest woman of the full-blown English rose, with her fourteen dogs, who makes a living selling piles of old rubbish to the telly.

## Lady of the Lambton

Much of the appeal of *The Worsthornes* lies in the way the series shamelessly evokes a rose-tinted picture of the far-off decade of the Eighties, when eccentric lunatics like Sir Peregrine could still hold down an important job without being sacked.

COUNTRY-HOME

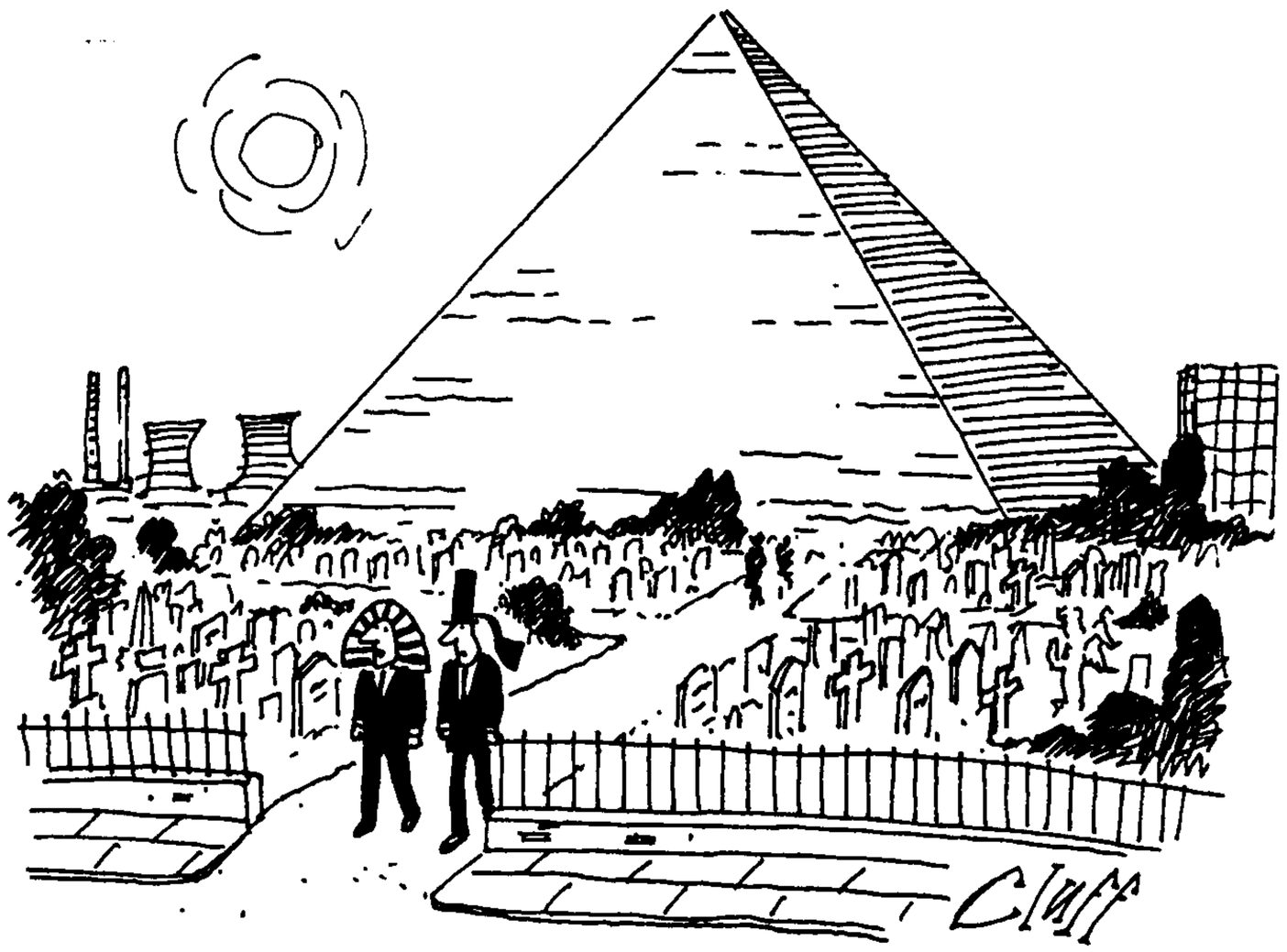
**SHITTO**

(HOTLY - SPICED PEPPER SAUCE)

**Kelly confirmed that recommendations that obscene chanting, the throwing of missiles, trespass onto pitches, and the activities of touts outside grounds on match days, received the full endorsement of the football authorities.**

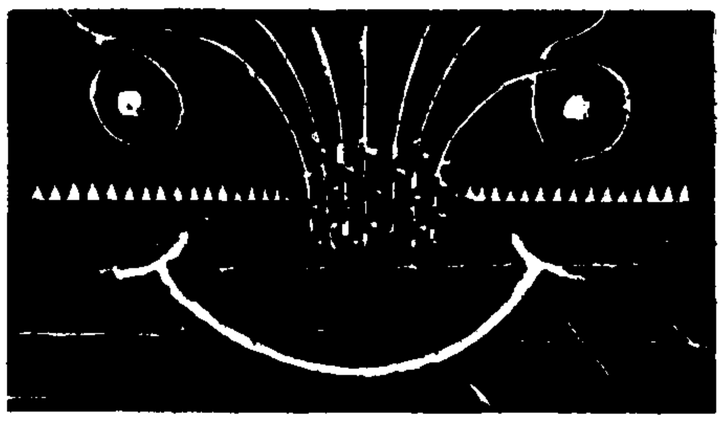
*The Times*

*Can label, Ghana*



*"Theme funerals are the coming thing, mark my words"*

# DIARY



## THE RT. HON. EDWARD HEATH MP

Might I make one thing quite clear from the outset. I hold no relish for the situation into which my party has found itself enmeshed these past sixteen years. I do not gloat. Far from it. Absolutely not. Nothing could be further from the truth. Nor do I rejoice in the pitiful — and, to her former colleagues, painfully embarrassing — state to which the previous Prime Minister, a Mrs Margaret Thatcher, has been reduced. When I heard the news of her resignation following the resounding humiliation meted out to her in the first ballot, I did not rejoice. This was no time for jubilation. One does not delight in the misfortune of others. One looks to the long-term future of this country and its role in Europe, of course one does.

The night of the woman's resignation, I sat by myself contemplating the long-term future of the country and its role in Europe with a decent spread of gulls' eggs and vol-au-vents and some very acceptable Pol Roger champagne. As a small danceband struck up a few "up-tempo" tunes in the corner of my drawing room I found myself tapping my feet. But let me add this. It pained me to witness scenes of Mrs Margaret Thatcher's obvious distress, visible disappointment and crushing humilation on the 6 O'Clock News, the 7 O'Clock News, the 9 O'Clock News, the 10 O'Clock News and on Newsnight, and all over again a couple of times on video. Though my neighbours may well have heard great bellows of laughter emerging from my chambers, these were only intermittent and my deepest sympathies remained with her. I would not know, but I imagine it cannot be remotely amusing to realise the country has decided that enough is enough and they had had just about as much as they can stand of your shrill, womanly bossiness. She never concealed her jealousy of me and my rapport with the people, but I am now more than happy to wish her a very long retirement.

Historians will judge that it was my famous laugh that has endeared me for so long to the British people. I am, I suppose, something of a father-figure to the nation. Talking, as I often have cause to, to what one might term the "real" people — butlers, servants, chauffeurs, doormen, that sort of thing — one is constantly struck by the genuine affection in which one continues to be held. "Thank you, Sir, thank you very much," a cloakroom attendant at the Savoy Hotel said to me the other day as I placed a twenty-pence piece in his tray. I receive similar compliments all the time from people the length of the country. Many of them, I imagine, have great hopes that I shall shortly be returning to my home at Number 10. To them I say this. The present incumbent, a Mr Major, may not be a man of very great weight or stature. Indeed, some would argue that he is an out-and-out nonentity. But he is doing his modest best, and he has already sought my advice on a number of important issues. Give him time, and if, as I feel sadly confident, he fails to win the next election, the party will doubtless come cap in hand to their one elder statesman of international repute. Might I add that, in the event, I will unify the party by offering Mrs Margaret Thatcher a post in Government. Her proven ability would make her, to my mind, an ideal secretary for one of our many prestigious Commons sub-committees.

An amusing story that may well raise a chuckle among the more humorously inclined. Mrs Margaret Thatcher recently fell over and hurt her knee badly, putting her out of action for several days. Like all the best stories, it's perfectly true, and somehow appropriate. Anyway, it made me laugh.

As expected, I came in for a fair amount of carefully orchestrated criticism when I suggested we could never win a war in the Gulf and that it would end in nuclear conflagration. Yet, once again, events have proved me absolutely right. At the time, I was privileged to be granted an audience with President Hussein of Iraq. I found him to be an international statesman of considerable acumen, possessing a deep love of classical music and a broad interest in the future of Europe. We discussed wide-ranging issues for three hours seated upon the very finest 18th-century French furniture, with a splendid tea laid on at his own expense. The carpeting was excellent throughout, and his taste in silver and cutlery is impeccable. Throughout, he treated me with all the honour due a leading figure in world affairs. Yet still the man is portrayed as some sort of ogre. Is this really the way to treat a politician of undoubted ability? "I trust that this will do something to redress the balance," I told him before my departure, handing him a signed copy of my bestselling book, *Sailing* (1975) and two tickets for a concert conducted by myself featuring the Portsmouth Sinfonia in the Birmingham Gaumont next autumn (seats still available at all prices). "I will read this with great interest," he said. Incidentally, it may interest those who speak of Saddam's so-called "cruelty" to know that he has since ordered no less than two thousand copies of *Sailing* and another two thousand of *Music* (1976) to be read aloud to his most distinguished political prisoners, day and night. The results, he tells me, have already proved "most satisfactory".

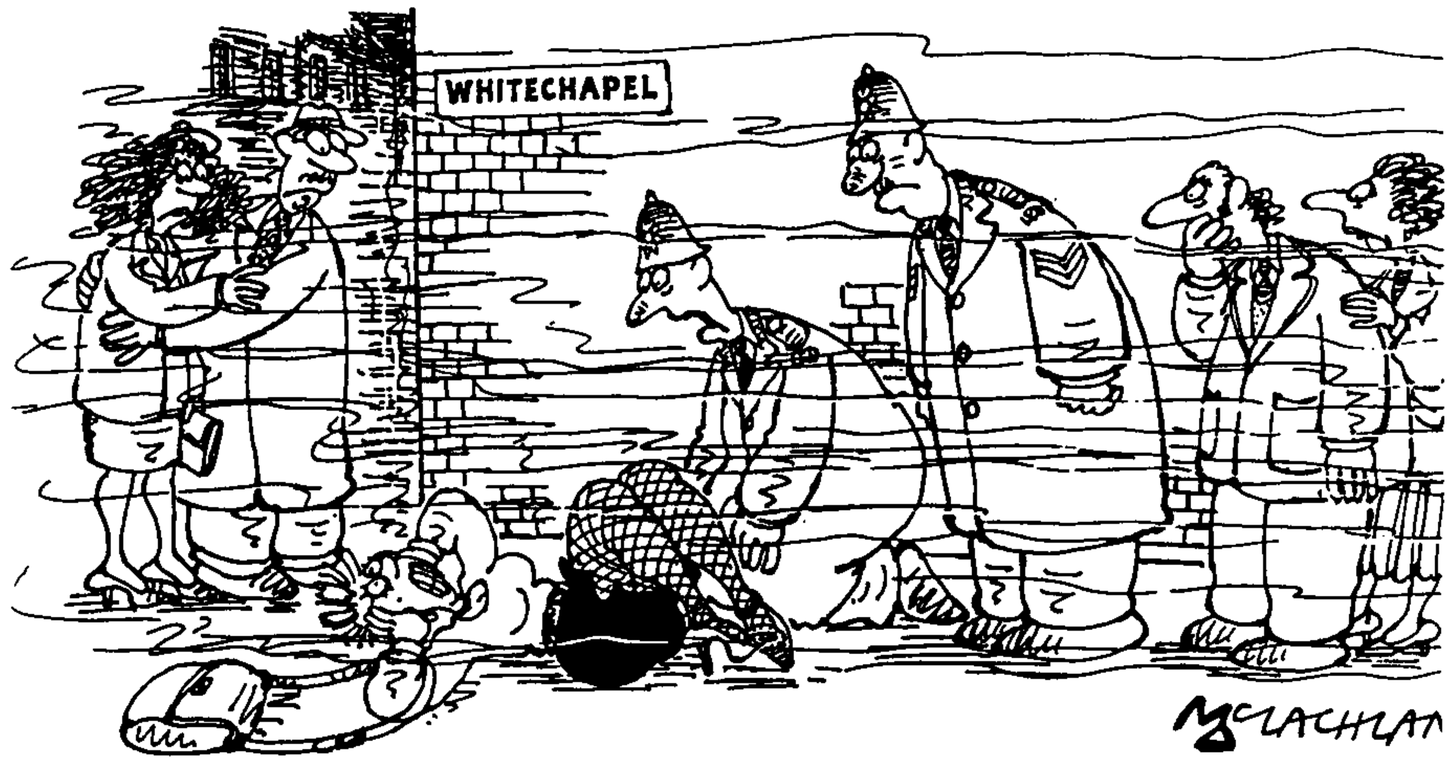
Whilst my ill-fated successor as Leader of the Conservative Party was never able to command the affection of the Commons tea-room — far from it, I'm afraid — I am well-liked and admired by a broad range of my colleagues in Parliament. My successor was never good at small talk, you see — I suppose it had something to do with the fact that she was quite obviously not a man's man — whereas I could talk on equal terms even to the very footling little people of no significance whatsoever. I remember, for instance, back in 1976 casually walking up and saying: "That's my chair you're sitting on," to a very junior backbencher. It was a comment that broke the ice, and he immediately stood up and handed the chair over to me. Again, I always make a point of acknowledging the greetings of my fellow MPs. The last time it happened, back in 1973, a young fellow said: "Good morning, Mr Heath," to which I replied, "Who are you?" He went to great lengths to explain that he had been my Private Secretary for the past two years. "I see," I replied. Such warm, very personal contact is vital if one is to carry the party with one, a lesson my successor would have done well to learn, poor dear!!!

**BUCK up, bosses! Your women workers are demanding better treatment.**

The tough message came yesterday from a plain-speaking woman who has scaled the heights of success — with maybe the odd tumble on the way.

Edwina Currie, one of only 41 female MPs, predicted that by 1995 four out of every five new jobs will be filled by women.

*Daily Express*




*"Looks like another victim of Jack the Rapper, Sarge!"*

# Literary Review

## A mint with holes in it

**Polo: A Legend of Fair Women and Brave Men**
Jilly Cooper
*(Bantam, £14.99)*

HELLO PAUPS! 'Ow's yer hovels? All right? 'Course they are. They're what you was bred to. Believe me, they *suit* you, they really do. Don't change a thing.

Not that you want to, do you? You're happy as you are. You must be, 'cos there's nothing you like better than to get home to yer own little 'ovel and have a good old read about the really really rich, is there? This summer you'll be tucking into *Polo* in the thousands, the 'undreds of thousands, won't you? Oooh, you'll *love* it.

It's about the nobs, you see, the absolutely stinkingly loaded, the bluest blue blue-bloods. Your favourites! And where else can you get them in such quantities these days? For, as the distinguished sociologist Nicholas Coleridge put it in the *Sunset Times*, your favourite weekly guide to sucking up to your betters, "Jilly Cooper's great strength is that she is the only British author currently writing long, complex and sustained novels about the English middle and upper-middle classes" — upper middle to him that is, bleedin' stratospheric to you and me!

And you don't want to read about other bloody paups, do you? No way. What you want is great big dollops of dosh. And polo is dead good for that. It may be the most boring and silly game ever invented, after golf, but crikey, it costs. The ponies, you see. Expensive. Only trillionaires can possibly afford them. And then these trillionaires want to play in the polo teams they pay for, alongside the real riders, the proper posh who understand horses. Can you believe it?

Plenty of opportunity for patronising nooves, there! And would your Jilly miss them? No fear, not her. It's specially for always telling you what's really nobby and what's not that you love her, isn't it? So you'd know, wouldn't you? If a nob or near-nob ever came nobbing round your hovel.

So Jilly introduces polo team owner Victor Kaputnik. Name tell you anything? Not like "Rupert Campbell-Black", "Ricky France-Lynch", or "Sir David Waterlane, Bart", is it, quite? You're absolutely right. "Originally Hungarian, Victor was a pharmaceutical billionaire", *not* a proper nob. And look at fat Victor's girlfriend, "a red-headed nightclub hostess, whose heavy eye make-up was already running and whose uplifted breasts were already burning". "Blimey it's 'ot, she said. Why do the 'orses keep bumpin' into each uvver?" Well, what do you think? Not quite a nob? Right again! You're making those fine social distinctions already. You're getting stuck into another Jilly Cooper novel.

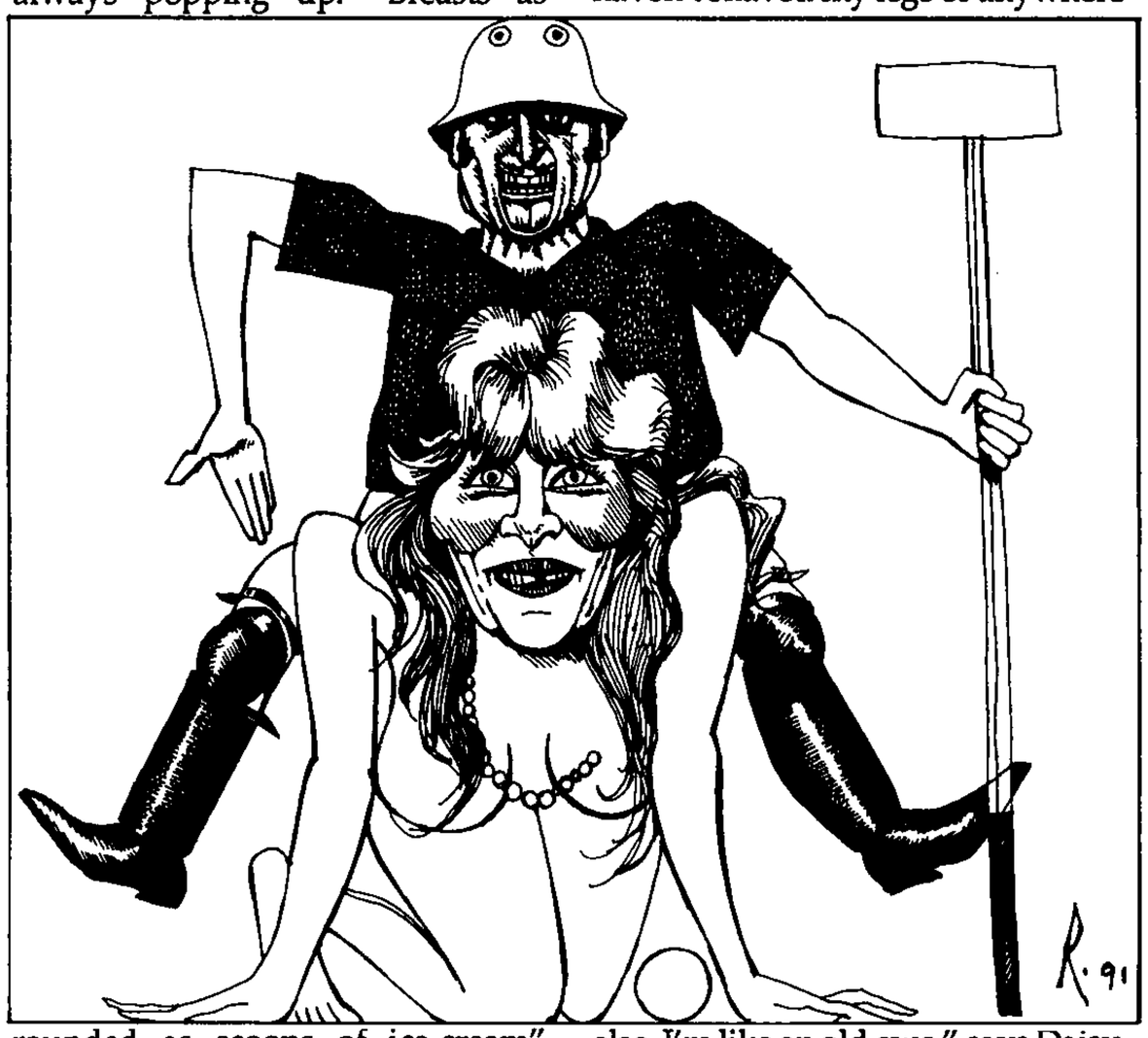
And you've still got the breasts and the bonks to come, you lucky paups. Jilly's got these nobby breasts on the mind or somewhere. They're always popping up. "Breasts as rounded as scoops of ice-cream" "breasts rising like pomegranates", "breasts so small and firm they hardly splayed to the sides at all", "breasts soft and white-gold in the sunshine with the nipples pink and spread", "nipples as hard as biro tops", there's such a lot of breasts about.

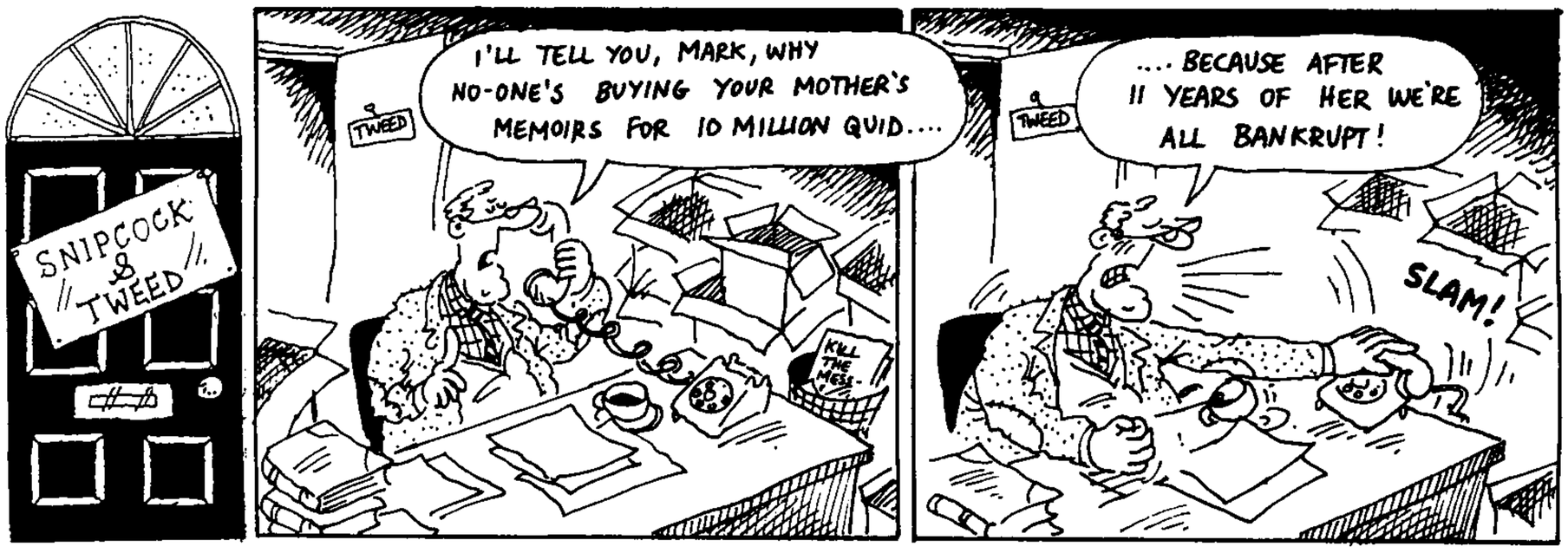
And the bonks, the posh polo type bonks — Jilly's just so good at slipping in reminders about the poshness, the horsiness, of the bonks, isn't she? So you'll know. If ever a nob comes round your hovel bonking. "Running his tongue up the smooth hillock of her breast, he fastened on her nipple and slid two fingers between her legs. Christ, he could restore polo sticks in the slippery linseed oiliness." I spy a nob! Don't you? A sportsman, too. "Even his cock seemed to have biceps as, with the ball of his thumb seldom far away from her clitoris, he drove her to extremes of joy." Field sports of course. "As he inserted a finger, she jumped like a branded filly. "It's OK, darling, you're tight, but not that tight. I'll get you so sopping beforehand, I'll slide in like a cartridge into a twelve bore." And, by gum, you know how those slide in, don't you. Smoothly, if it's a good one — and it's bound to be.

And you get a quality plot too. Will England win the Westchester Cup? Will Ricky France-Lynch get his wife back? Will Perdita, a polo-playing bit with another full pair of those breasts, find out who her real father is? Yes, she will. He's a horsey nob!

I mean, look at Perdita's mum, Daisy, in the sack with polo-playing former Welsh Guard, Drew. "I haven't shaved my legs or anywhere else. I'm like an old ewe," says Daisy, friskily. Drew's not deterred. "The Welsh Guards were always known as the sheep shaggers," he ripostes. "This is the only bit that needs cutting back," he says, "parting her pubic hair and gently fingering. 'All you used is a bit of spit and polish.'" What a soldier!

All this, plus prolonged accounts of fictitious polo matches and packs of laboured puns. 716 pages full. Fortunate paups. At £14.99 it's positively cheap. Though not to you, of course.





SNIPCOCK & TWEED
TWEED
I'LL TELL YOU, MARK, WHY NO-ONE'S BUYING YOUR MOTHER'S MEMOIRS FOR 10 MILLION QUID....
KILL THE MESS
TWEED
.... BECAUSE AFTER 11 YEARS OF HER WE'RE ALL BANKRUPT!
SLAM!

## Books & Bookmen

**THE annual Booksellers' Conference, invariably attended by more publishers than retailers because booksellers mostly can't afford the hotel bills, is usually a lacklustre, self-congratulatory event.**

**The guest speakers at this year's conference in Cardiff were the Princess Royal, who has sired a book on horses, and the minister for the arts (*Who he? Ed*) who wondered aloud whether it was a good thing for authors to receive large advances.**

**This year's conference though will be remembered as the occasion on which the publishers, led by their ebullient and persuasive new president, Paul Scherer of Bantam, ganged up to put the boot at last into the tedious Terry Maher of Pentos, and publicly proclaim their continued adherence to the dreary old but marginally sensible net book agreement.**

**A year ago most publishers acknowledged that the NBA was on its last legs, and many of them made private pacts with Maher, including nearly all of those with titles on the Booker Prize shortlist, agreeing to support his desire to discount "bestsellers" in order that he might put up the prices of books less easy to shift. The publishers changed their minds because all general books, even "bestsellers" had ceased to sell. New novels in hardback are lucky if they crawl into four figures, and publishers are having to spend a fortune, quite out of all proportion to the potential profit on the books, to promote hitherto successful authors and to shift a few copies.**

**Of this week's 15 top selling paperbacks, two are priced at one penny less than £7 (one of them being, with hideous cynicism by Picador, *American Psycho*), three are a penny less than £6 (including the number one title, the bland and skinny *A Yawn in Provence*), four at £5 less 1p. No wonder paperback unit sales have plunged too.**

**Only two months ago, Paul Hoggarth, Pentos's smoothie director in charge of finance, assured the increasingly truculent troops at the flagship Dillons in Gower Street that no new branches would be opened this year because there was no money in the kitty. As the staff knew, there wasn't even a budget to buy new and forthcoming titles from publishers, and hadn't been for months. Maybe Pentos haven't opened a new branch but they have just acquired the prestigious Economist's Bookshop at the LSE, certainly a drain on financial resources.**

**There's no cash though to replace members of staff who leave Gower Street. But who needs more staff, with so few new books in the shop and thus a decreasing number of customers? In fact, times are so hard that booksellers are doubling as cashiers, an idea of ambitious manager Sally Hermann who sent the union an emotional letter invoking the Dunkirk spirit. Demoralised staff don't mind having their nobler spirits appealed to — unless they're actually being exploited by the people who are doing the appealing.**

*'Bookworm'*

Rail safety

# Tighten your belt -or belt up

**THE NEXT time a British Rail passenger train is involved in a fatal accident, it is almost certain the transport secretary will announce that: "This Government has never turned down a request from British Rail for expenditure on safety."**

While the words are very carefully chosen, they do *not* mean BR has *enough* cash for all the pressing safety improvements that are needed on the crumbling network.

Fatal accidents over recent years have made this only too clear to the public — and it was proved in private at a fascinating meeting of the British Railways Board in March, minutes of which have been leaked to the *Eye*.

BR's "spending managers" (those below board level) seem to have welcomed the Hidden Report on rail safety which followed the Clapham disaster in 1988. They welcomed it because it focused attention on the urgency of safety investment while steering clear of indicating the amounts that should be spent on safety — something its compilers were not qualified to recommend.

Similarly, neither the Department of Transport nor the British Railways Board is qualified to recommend how much money needs to be spent. This responsibility has been passed to the spending managers, who have their ears close to the ground and know the network's shortcomings intimately. After much deliberation and prioritisation of schemes (deciding which ones would alleviate the greatest risks), the spending managers advised that £270m-£340m was needed for safety improvements in 1991/2.

Their recommendations were then passed to the British Railways Board, whose attitude to rail safety is best illustrated by the following selection of minutes from that March meeting:

● 6. With the economy in recession and the hard government attitude towards public sector funding, the DTp [Department of Transport] will seek *certainty of spend* at a level nearer £180m than £270m (or above).

● 7. The meeting would be asked to discuss and agree:

(i) actions to reconcile spending managers' aspirations with the realities of the DTp's expectations and BRs' spending capacity;

(ii) how best to communicate these decisions throughout the industry without jeopardising the new safety culture nor demotivating individuals.

What these minutes show is that the board has no intention of asking the Department of Transport for anything for which it does not want to be asked. Hence the secretary of state's oft-repeated disclaimer.

Moreover — and more worryingly — section 7 (ii) indicates that although the people in the know — the spending managers — say £270m to £340m needs to be spent on safety, the board intends to convince everyone that £180m is enough.

Such a cosy relationship with the Government is, under normal circumstances, fairly sickening. When lives are at stake, however, readers must draw their own conclusions.

Dulwich Estate

# Backdoor woodsmen

**THE FEUDAL Dulwich estate governors are trying yet again to build in the 10,000-year-old Dulwich woods (see *Eyes passim*) — and this time the threat is the most dangerous yet.**

The governors have asked Southwark council for permission to refurbish a caretaker's "lodge", a move which in itself sounds innocent enough until one realises that the tiny derelict building, not much bigger than a shed, is on the site where the governors have for years been trying to put up luxury flats and houses.

Lucy Neville, of the London Wildlife Trust, says: "This one is really clever. If they can establish 'residential use', then the precedent would be established." Adrian Dennis, Southwark's planning officer, is equally forthright: "It is quite clearly an attempt to get residential development through the back door. I find it hard to believe that it would be worth their while to refurbish this lodge, if this is all they intend to do."

The planning application is to make the "shed" into a one-bedroomed house with two parking bays at least 200 feet away. Cynics see this as two prongs of a pincer, and believe the governors would then seek to move forward into the disputed area, with the lodge being evidence of an existing domestic dwelling.

The wildlife trust and locals will fight the application, and the council is baffled as to why the governors are so obsessed with building in the woods. Indeed it has already offered them a property swap. It cannot afford to buy the woodland site, but it is prepared to take it over and keep it wild and return to the governors other property which it has leased from them and which could be developed.

"They haven't wanted to play ball," says Dennis. "It doesn't make sense to us. They have made themselves — unpopular doesn't go far enough — totally unaccepted. People in Dulwich are outraged. Their position is untenable. I am astonished they have got themselves into this despised position when it is resolvable."

The secretary to the governors, Mr John Wylie (*sic*), insists the site of the house is not part of the ancient woods — something which has been argued about for years — and as to a swap of properties, he says the council is being "completely unrealistic" in the value it attaches to the woodland site. The governors (who include Sir Robin Butler, head of the home civil service) want a really big valuation on it — partly because it is such a desirable leafy setting.

Privatisation

# Fly guys

**THE THREAT that local airports might be privatised if the Tories stay in power must be causing some Manchester Labour councillors to bite their fingernails.**

For after spending £100,000 to fight off nine neighbouring district councils who wanted to share the pot of gold that is Ringway airport, the thought of losing their perks must be galling indeed.

How far one's lifestyle can change is well illustrated by what happened to the previous airport committee chairman, Tony McCardell. He used to fly to exotic locations with his wife Shirley, another far-left councillor, with a gold credit card in his pocket courtesy of the ratepayers. Today he drives a taxi in sunny north Manchester.

His successor, old-style Labourite Jack Flanagan, has thundered that any hiving-off would pinch one of the great successes of "municipal socialism" (ie the airport, having failed to wrest direct Atlantic routes from London, is now struggling to make cuts).

Earlier this year Mr Flanagan had to endure a £14,000 freebie to Singapore with his wife Norma and Oldham Labour leader John Battye and his good lady Annette. Even the strike-happy TGWU baggage handlers were astonished at the suggestion that the wives were "ambassadors" for the city.

If more businesslike owners should take over, Ringway chief executive Gil Thompson is likely to be the first to feel the axe — the cordial relations he enjoys with the municipal socialist bosses will be of little help in the cut and thrust world of private enterprise. Most interesting will be what would happen to the joint airport development operation that Manchester leader Graham Stringer runs with Peel Holdings' boss, the shy retiring Manx tax exile John Whittaker. Watch this airspace.

Nuclear power

# Smear test

**THE British nuclear industry has been swift to forge an alliance with authorities in the USSR in an attempt to discredit the Soviet scientist who warned that the consequences of Chernobyl were far worse than officially admitted.**

Vladimir Chernousenko, scientific controller of the 30-mile exclusion zone round the stricken reactor, told the *This Week* television programme that since 1986 the catastrophe may have been responsible for 7,000 deaths in the Soviet Union. The official line is that it killed just 31 people.

Immediately after the programme John Gittus, director-general of the British Nuclear Forum — the industry mouthpiece — contacted Moscow for information to discredit Chernousenko. A fax soon came back signed by a Dr Viktor Barjakhtar, vice-president of the Academy of Science of the Ukraine Soviet Socialist Republic, dismissing him as unqualified to comment on the health aspects of radiation and adding that he had spent only three months at Chernobyl.

Gittus promptly spouted this to anyone prepared to swallow it, notably *The Sunday Times* and *New Scientist*. But there is ample evidence that Chernousenko speaks with far more authority than his detractors.

The same Soviet authorities now trying to discredit him awarded him five (dated) certificates of valour for his work in helping coordinate the clean-up between May and December 1986 — which makes a nonsense of the claim that he played a peripheral three-month role. He was even nominated for the Order of Lenin, but not being a party member he had to make do with the Soviet Union's highest "civilian" medal for bravery instead.

Two senior figures in the Soviet military and political establishments have written tributes to Chernousenko's efforts and the German scientific publisher Springer is co-producing a book with him. He was also able to secure a British TV crew three days unfettered access to the KGB-marshalled exclusion zone, not bad for a "bit player". Most tellingly of all, he was one of the three authors of a secret report on the accident that was sent to President Gorbachev. His Soviet detractor Barjakhtar was merely listed as a contributor.

Insolvency

# StormSeal: window of opportunity

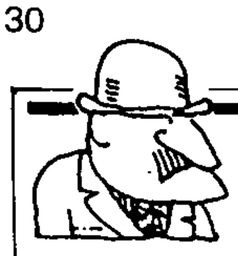
**DTI watchers are wondering whether Peter Lilley's complacent civil servants will take any action over StormSeal, the window replacement company that collapsed in January owing more than £20 million.**

The collapse was not as catastrophic as it might have been for brothers Mark and Mike Sweeney, who founded the firm 10 years ago. For despite the much-hyped new rules under which company directors have to operate, it seems the Sweeneys — unlike their creditors — are still able to enjoy the good life.

While the millionaire brothers each have a brace of luxury mansions, the unlucky customers, who paid deposits for new windows, and more than 1,600 employees, mostly sales reps on commission, seem to be the losers. Indeed the Sweeneys have been able to buy their business back from receiver Grant Thornton for £3 million, rename it SureStyle — and start where they left off.

Perhaps creditors should have read the signs earlier. The firm announced a £5 million advertising campaign last year, which was news to the agency which only received £3 million on its contract. At the same time StormSeal's previous agency was still chasing it for old debts.

More significantly, while StormSeal was ambitiously planning to go for a Stock Exchange listing last autumn, the Sweeneys were served with an injunction for alleged infringement of the Crittall trade name. They never did get that listing.



# In the City

SEEING the window of political opportunity fast closing (perhaps for many years), increasingly those who formed the notorious Thatcher "one of us" cronies of industry circle are making what looks like the last bid to cash in on what governmental goodwill may be left after 10 years of slavish devotion, public adulation and bountiful cheque books.

First off the blocks was "Lord" Jeffrey Sterling. When Margaret Thatcher took over the Tory Party he was little more than a property developer who survived the seventies crash; now a peer and captain of leading shipowners P&O, he is threatening to "flag out" his fleet to a tax haven unless the British Government opens its cheque book and provides tax reliefs and other concessions. So much for gratitude.

Now it is the turn of the twin "lords" Hanson and White, aided and abetted by another Thatcher benefactor/beneficiary "Sir" Michael Richardson of brokers Smith New Court, with the threatened £10 billion run at ICI.

The free market idealogues who rule the Department of Trade & Industry would have some difficulty in finding reasons to block such a move for Britain's largest manufacturing group. And the Tories owe Hanson and White a big favour for acting as a stalking horse on PowerGen, where Richardson was again influential in putting Hanson into the game in order to drive up the flotation price. And they may not be able to forget the Hanson helping hand over Westland.

Nice though they are, peerages and knighthoods don't keep Hanson profits marching upwards.

However, standing back and allowing Hanson and White to dismember ICI would be politically disastrous given the group's more than 50,000 British employees.

No wonder, therefore, that cynics suggest that in return for passing on ICI Hanson might be allowed a free run at a less contentious takeover target such as Allied-Lyons. That way the predatory peers could have what they want and so could the Government.

But the clock is running. Any deal may need to be done by October. Because whenever there is an election there could be a Labour government. And on that day Hanson is history.

DO judges really take fraud seriously? That has to be asked after the Court of Appeal's depressingly predictable decision to halve the prison sentence passed on former Guinness chief executive Ernest Saunders. Five years, said Lord Justice Neill, was "substantially too high" even allowing for the tear-jerking submissions about Saunders's state of mind or lack of it which will ensure his imminent release.

No such submissions about pre-senile dementia were made when Saunders was sentenced by the trial judge Mr Justice Henry last August. He was solely and rightly concerned with the role Saunders had played in a massive fraud which had seen the illegal expenditure of £25 million of Guinness shareholders' money on a secret share support operation, much of which disappeared into offshore bank accounts.

For reasons of power and ego, Saunders had presided over that fraud which had been designed by him and others to mislead City regulators, investors and rival bidders Argyle. One of the biggest ever takeover bids, for Distillers, had been won by deceit on a grand scale.

Mr Justice Henry, unlike the Court of Appeal, had also had the benefit of watching Saunders spend 18 days in the witness box lying about his role. The only dementia on display then was his desire to blame others and exonerate himself.

As is typical in white collar cases, after conviction the judge was subjected to a variety of sob stories designed to prevent the men in suits in the dock going to prison.

The judge, like Lord Justice Neill, is not a man schooled in dealing with criminals. His background is in the more arcane and bloodless battlefields of the civil law. But he rightly saw what had happened at Guinness under Saunders as serious crime and as such merited serious punishment.

He went to considerable lengths to emphasise that the courts, faced by eminent men of previous impeccable character, whose careers had been ruined, whose families had been devastated, who were unlikely to commit similar crimes again, must still treat them no differently than the clerk who stole from his employers where the same arguments would apply.

The punishment had to fit the crime. That was why he sentenced Saunders to five years, former stockbroker Anthony Parnes effectively to three years and indicated that, but for his charitable work and his ability to pay £5 million, Gerald Ronson would have received at least double his one-year sentence.

(It will be interesting to note whether this sharp reduction in the Guinness prison tariff alters the present enthusiasm for lengthy trials of future Guinness defendants who have yet to face Mr Justice Henry.)

As one of the regulators embroiled in the multi-billion dollar US Savings & Loan scam remarked, white collar criminals all too often cut a sympathetic picture in court. They are very persuasive in their own cause — that's how they were able to pull off their frauds in the first place.

It is hard to believe that the leader of a team of robbers who stole £25 million — never mind an Irishman — would receive such sympathetic treatment from the Court of Appeal, no matter if he thought Mrs Thatcher was still prime minister.

No wonder fraudsters see jail as a limited downside, assuming they are even caught, never mind convicted.

**GEORGE "The Prisoner" Walker's Brent Walker looks poised to go down for the last time. If it sinks under the weight of its £1.5 billion debts it will take a number of reputations with it.**

**Top of that list will be Standard Chartered Bank whose enthusiasm for the former nylons heister and gang boss minder turned financial genius is not entirely surprising given its £150 million exposure. As with Polly Peck, Standard Chartered was only too happy to keep on reassuring other bankers that backing the man who had got them into the mess would get them out.**

**As with Polly Peck, the banks are now staring down the barrel of a loss of £500 million or even more. Why, they must ask themselves, did they not take charge last year when it might have been somewhat easier to salvage more from the wreckage?**

**Instead they believed the Standard Chartered/Hill Samuel line of "leave it to George", despite the glaring truth that Walker was never more than a buyer and seller and not a manager of companies. And he did not want to sell because it would expose the too high prices he had paid.**

**Also like Nadir, Walker cleverly adopted the divide and rule tactic of utilising as many banks as possible and thereby ensuring no one banker — even Standard Chartered — had the full picture. Now that they do it would not be surprising if a number of banks were asking questions about how they came to be in so deep.**

**Walker is also another success story for the City PR puff merchants and their ever credulous and grateful financial journalist audience. When the full Brent Walker bill comes to be paid and the post-mortems are written, watch out for an epidemic of amnesia, particularly at *The Times* and *Sunday Times*, about the man they loved to boost.**

BARBARA Conway, who died earlier this month, was one of the few financial journalists prepared to pay the price of learning just how much Sir James Goldsmith enjoys his business affairs being exposed to close scrutiny. The green financier and consumer champion responded to such treatment by declaring that he would "make her choke in her own vomit". Typically, she was not deterred by such good wishes from the ever gentlemanly Goldsmith, who now seems not to recall this incident. He will therefore have fully sympathised with the obituary in the *Daily Telegraph* for whom Barbara Conway once worked and where he is now a director.

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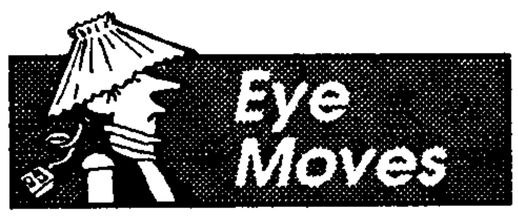


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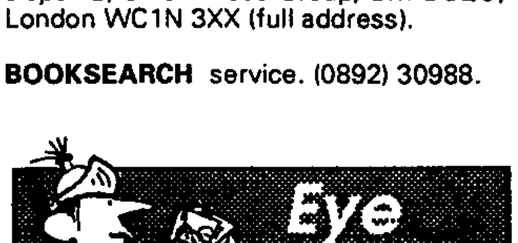


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**JAZZ POETRY SUPERJAM** at the Tabernacle, Powis Square, Notting Hill, W11 on Sat 8 June incls Galliano Trio, J. Berry, M. Horovitz, M. Jamal, Landesmans, Nuttall, T. Singh, K. Waithe ++ 8 till midnite: only £4 Concs £2½ (£5/3½ at door — best book ahead by prepaying to Portobello Arts Fest, 8 Blenheim Crescent, London W11).

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**YOUNG BRITISH** painter needs extra funds to visit States to check out curators. Had big show in West End last year. A sketch for donations. Box 9668.

**GRADUATE, 22,** Cambridge M.Phil place already offered, needs £2,500 tuition fees. Phone Lawrence Harrison (0223) 315043.

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**HELP NEEDED** for making of film to enter Fuji, Cannes Film Festivals. All contributors in credits — Salvador. Box 9368.

**JUST BOUGHT** a "money pit" need £5,000 to make it habitable. Please help. Box 7568.

**SINCERE HELP CRY.** Business collapsed, recently married, helpless, no other way of getting out of this financial trap, money urgently needed to save from imminent bankruptcy. Don't want wife to be homeless, due to me. Please help, I have massive potential, and will pay back every penny and sign contract. Box 7668.

**RICH TARZAN** help poor Jane in jungle expedition. Money, not cuddles needed. Box 7768.

**CIVIL ACTION** requires funding after acquittal of attacker due to impotence of Crown Prosecution Service. Box 7868.

**DESPERATE STUDENT** requires money to continue studies. All help appreciated. Box 7968.

**NO ASK,** no get. Another four years of debt ahead. Box 8068.

**HELP!** Impoverished, aspiring computer programmer needs hardware, software or cash donations. Anything helps. Box 8168.

**YOUNG ARTIST** needs help for Italian painting trip. In return for £50 you'll receive a watercolour sketch. Please help. Box 8268.

**ENVIRONMENTAL** project needs support. Can you help? Box 8368.

**PhD STUDENT** can deconstruct music but not £5,000+ debts. Work and health lapsing. Donations to S. Turner. Box 8468.

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**WOULD YOU** financially assist African medical student complete university course? D. Cox. Box 8968.

**£8,000 NEEDED.** Genuine plea. Box 9068.

**WIDOW,** sold house to help children on way. No holidays, new frocks. Beat cancer — with help of God. Children now flown nest. I dream of having lovely house again, can anybody help? Box 12768.

**£4,000 NEEDED** to invite my retired parents to UK for a wonderful visit from China. Box 12868.

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**PLEASE HELP BEN!** £3,500 needed to pay school fees. GCSEs now. Family crisis. Box 10868.

**CHULUMANI HOSPITAL** (Bolivia). Tropical, rural hospital with recently fully equipped operating theatre (Italian donors) urgently needs £2,500 to employ qualified surgeon. Please help. Documentation available. Any donations welcomed. Box 11068.

**DESTITUTE BUT** charismatic male graduate, 24, seeks benevolent person with £1,200 to pay urgent debts. Anything considered. Box 10968.

**SMALL BUSINESS** being screwed by big bank. Will do anything for cash. Box 11168.

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**EXCITING THEATRE** project. Needs funding. Donations welcome. No investors. Box 11768.

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**ART STUDENT.** Cash needed, desperate, please help me, or may be driven to other means. Box 12068.

**BE ON THE SIDE** of the angels. Sponsors required for new theatre company. London production of All's Well That Ends Well. October. £10 each is all that's needed. £4,000 total. Details from Box 12168.

**DROP OUT** longs to escape parents. Help finance my independence. Box 12268.

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**ROMANTIC, SINGLE** lawyer, 36, 5'9", who loves travel, skiing and wining and dining. Has everything in life except the lady to share it with. So if you're between 25-35, caring, sensitive and with a good sense of humour please get in touch — we may just find what we've both been looking for. Photo appreciated. North/West Midlands. Box 0168.

**HANDSOME, TALL,** upmarket, athletic, educated, cultured, attached, 40s male seeks genuinely attractive, tallish, interesting woman for discreet friendship, maybe more. London. Box 0268.

**RESPECTABLE,** presentable, professional married man who wishes to share excitement of secret affair with lady in North East. Absolute confidentiality assured, including all replies. Box 0368.

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**THE GIRL OF** my dreams is: very pretty, affectionate, loyal, intelligent, 23-30, 5'2"-5'8", slim, sexy, likes London, the countryside, animals, good lifestyle and wants to marry me! I am affluent, handsome, romantic and will love you forever. Box 1268.

**PROFESSIONAL FEMALE,** 31, likes cinema, swimming, drinking, dancing, seeks romance and passion, or just fun. North East area. Replies guaranteed a good night out, at least! Box 1368.

**LONDON COMPANY** director, attractive, unattached male, 40, seeks female companion, 27/40, to share life's adventures. Photo/phone number please. Box 1468.

**BACHELOR, 52,** tall, cultured, affluent, seeks femme fatale, London. Box 1568.

**EMBARRASSED EAST** Midlands, male, early twenties, slim, fit but very innocent seeks naughty temptress for lessons in love. Box 1668.

**FREE HOLIDAY,** male, 35, just split after long relationship, needs holiday partner, 28th May Ibiza. All costs paid. Must be very attractive, sporty, humorous, 18-25. Letter/phone no. and photo ensure reply. Box 1768.

**MALE, 45,** picky, charming, seeks starlet, 35, with looks, style, S.O.H. Guildford. Photo please. Nervous advertiser. Box 1868.

**DIRECTOR WITH GOOD LOOKS** aged 38 and a successful career is now on his own. Would like to meet a very good-looking woman, feminine, under 32, who wears modern clothes and enjoys life and prefers a man to take the lead in a relationship. Photo and phone number appreciated. Box 7366.

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**SENIOR LECTURER** and TV and film designer (male, masculine, attractive, tall, slim, currently single, unpretentious, et hoc genus omne) 34 seeks? lovely woman (24 to 34) in London area for love and maybe more. Photo appreciated. Box 12968.

**OBSCENELY FAT,** spotty liar invites applications from ugly sixties baby for a ball and the time of your life on 8th June. Photo and phone no. No Fionas, Mirandas, teachers or anyone with preconceived ideas about anything. Box 13168.

**HANDSOME, MODEST,** married management consultant, 42, 5'10", slim, based Yorkshire but travels well. Seeks an attractive, intelligent, sensual lady for mutually satisfying friendship and/or steaming affair. Discretion essential, also sense of humour. Box 13268.

**CUDDLY, SECURE**
forties man seeks younger woman to share his life and adventures. Friendship or romance. London area.
**Box 13368.**

**QUOD PETIS HIC EST:** attractive, divorcee, 40s, loves classical music, art, literature, languages, travel, countryside, togetherness, children. Seeks educated man, 40-58, London, to share humour and life. Photo appreciated. Box 13468.

**ATTRACTIVE,** intelligent woman, mid-40s, arts, seeks shared warmth, friendship, travel with similar man. S. West/anywhere. Box 13568.

**PROFESSIONAL GUY** bored, mobile, needs enlightening by the right lady. Box 13668.

**MY EX WIFE** says I'm arrogant, self opinionated and selfish but I'm all I've got. Can you make me a better person, 42, ex-army officer, South East/Midlands. Box 13768.

**OXBRIDGE LADY** graduate seeks stimulating, caring, educated gent. 30-35. Box 1968.

**INTELLIGENT MALE,** 34, seeks caring, humorous, Leftish female. North West. Box 2068.

**BARDOT SEEKS** Brando. Box 2168.

**SLIM, ATTRACTIVE,** black lady, thirties, seeks caring, professional man. London/Herts. Box 2268.

**PROFESSIONAL** businessman, late 40s, is desirous of female company on periodical visits to London, Manchester. Wining, dining, theatre, cinema, any nationality. Photo appreciated. Box 2368.

**TALL, PROFESSIONAL,** male, 36, attractive, enjoys travel, arts, seeks slim, good looking female, 25-35, London area. Box 2468.

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**CAMBRIDGE.** Appealing, bright female graduate, 28, (smoker) seeks intelligent, witty, kind, tall, male ectomorph (25-35) for drinks and laughs. Box 2668.

**STAFFORDSHIRE MALE,** 29, solvent, but bored. Enjoys travel, laughter, conversation, work and life. Seeks intelligent, humorous female. Photo appreciated. All letters answered. Box 2768.

**JUST HIT 40,** ebullient, redhead, would-be wild child, seeks devastatingly handsome (ono) post-war male to share interest in anatolian flatweaves/impractical motorcars/intrepid adventures/cinema/Harleys/photography/art and more. Surrey/Sussex/South West. Box 2868.

**ATTRACTIVE,** 39 yr old woman, neglected by workaholic husband needs company occasionally. Well educated, hunky, kind and understanding male friend wanted. London or Surrey. Photo please. Box 2968.

**TITUS SEEKS** Juno. Box 3068.

**MALE, 22,** grad, fed up with girlies, seeks confident, feminine, alive woman to share life, laughs and travels. Box 3168.

**INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE,** professional woman wanted to walk the moors above Ilkley, enjoy a drink, discuss ideas, literary, political, philosophical with media man, 47 years. Box 3268.

**ROMANTIC BACHELOR,** 38, handsome, humorous, home-loving, seeks attractive lady to charm and cherish till eternity. Interests include countryside, travel, walking. Photo appreciated. Box 3368.

**BOYISH, 31,** charming, cycling, culture vulture, seeks special ladyfriend. Coventry-Birmingham. Box 3468.

**PROFESSIONAL SINGLE** mum, 31, attractive and witty, seeks N/S chap, 28-38 to share the good life. Photo and letter please. Humberside. Box 3568.

**DANGEROUS LIAISONS?** 35+, Leftish, Mr Right needed for close encounters with intelligent, artistic, wild at heart woman. NE. Box 3668.

**FATHER WANTED** for 2 children. Mother, tall, slim, 30ish, blonde and intelligent seeks caring, kind, gentleman with sense of humour. West Midlands area. Box 3768.

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**BLONDE BOMBSHELL,** 23 with brain, West London, reputedly dangerous and expensive, admits to both, seeks the impossible: unattached man (28+) with humour, feelings, subtlety, looks, technique and money to laugh, party, travel. Ego and car irrelevant. Box 3968.

**INTERESTING,** entertaining, successful man, seeks non-sexist, long term relationship, perhaps marriage with attractive, gentle woman around 39-40. We'll square the circle together. Box 4068.

**LATIN MAN,** 32, Scorpio, athletic, relatively good looking, enjoys music, films, wishes to meet attractive, slim lady, 20s, who is perhaps interested in Latin America. Photo/telephone appreciated (London area). Box 4168.

**TWO TALL,** divorced, 40+, aspiring Lovejoys living around the Hereford/Wales black mountains, seek lively, interesting females to take the air and participate with. Photo please. Box 6068.

**GOOD LOOKING,** professional girl, early 30s, busy career, social life in need of face-lift, would like to meet similar unattached, professional guy. My photo for yours. Box 6168.

**ATTRACTIVE,** vivacious, thoroughly feminine lady seeks successful, professional "gentle" man, 40ish, to enjoy spring and summer with (perhaps autumn and winter too — who knows). Cocktails for two initially. Photo appreciated. The Cotswolds. Box 4268.

**REMARKABLY** handsome, tall, upmarket, humorous, educated 40s male seeking very attractive, interesting woman for discreet, weekday friendship. London. Box 4368.

**MALE, 32,** single, seeks sexy lady, 25+ for discreet fun. Bucks/Berks. Box 4468.

**SUCCESSFUL,** mid forties, balding but not unattractive businessman, trapped in an unhappy marriage, seeks secret, exciting relationship with (one only) attractive, slender, sincere, romantic, humorous lady, 30-40, perhaps in a similar disposition, discretion assured and expected. Letter/photo please with phone number instructions. Deepest Hampshire/London. Box 4568.

**MUSICIAN MALE,** 35, permanently married, desperately bored, seeks discreet afternoon liaisons with kind, understanding lady. 25-40. London area. Box 4668.

**TALL, SKINNY** man, 35, seeks motorcycle friendly female for friendship, romance, rock concerts, French holidays. Stanmore/London. Box 4768.

**PROFESSIONAL WOMAN** (50), lively, attractive, many interests, much to offer, seeks cultured, affluent, non smoking professional businessman. (40-60) Midlands. Box 4868.

**CROYDON AREA,** graduate man, 50, sense of fun, discreet, comfortable flat, seeks preferably petite woman for passionate affair and sparky friendship. Box 4968.

**SINGLE MALE,** attractive, romantic, sincere, wealthy. Seeks lady, 22-32, any nationality for steady relationship/marriage. She must be pretty, slim, well mannered, sincere, loyal and willing to live abroad for part of the year. Photo essential. Box 5068.

**Ladies!**
**Are you vivacious?**
**Over thirty?**
**Our Surrey advertiser received nearly 500 replies.**

**MILTON KEYNES** man seeks lady to love, dine and cuddle. Box 5468.

**BUSY BUT BORED** male (33) seeks pretty lady for fun and something more serious. London/E. Anglia. Box 5568.

**HE.** Mistakenly thought to have everything. Good looks and physique, top professional career, excellent lifestyle and single (mid 40s) but missing that special relationship with SHE who is London based, early 30s, warm, beautiful, sophisticated, amusing, petite and unlikely to be reading this. In case you are SHE, please send letter and photograph to Box 5668.

**PROFESSIONAL** businessman, 28, Surrey, happy with life, but missing a special woman for laughs, outings and hugs. Photo please. Box 5768.

**COUNTRY VET,** divorced male, bit deviate compared to Herriot and well travelled, hence frustrated by possibilities in otherwise blissful southern rural scene. Need youngish female for bucolic romps, hopefully serious relationship. Photo please. Reply guaranteed. Box 5868.

**ITALY-BASED,** good-looking, petite, on-the-ball gentlegirl wants now to meet her well educated, financially and spiritually, independent mate. (30s). Box 5968.

**SUCCESSFUL, ATTRACTIVE,** lovable professional man (47) in stifling marriage seeks seductive, affectionate lady (30-50) for discrete, happy times together. Herts. Box 5268.

**SUCCESSFUL, PROFESSIONAL** man, 50ish, tall, good looking, much travelled, many interests seeks attractive, blonde, N/S lady, 35-45 for fun and future. Phone and photo appreciated. London/Daventry. Box 5368.

**UNATTACHED ELAINE** seeks similar Lancelot for idyllic weekends, live North but willing to travel. Box 6268.

**VIVACIOUS** Christian lady, young 41, tired of waiting for Cliff Richard, seeks caring, professional gentleman with similar standards. Photo appreciated. South Wales or near. Box 6368.

**UNATTACHED MALE,** aged 26, seeks intelligent female with sense of humour, aged 20 to 28 for friendship, love and laughter. West Midlands. Box 6468.

**ROBIN,** attractive single, 31, seeks lovely unattached Marion to make her quiver! Photo. Box 6568.

**N.W. MALE,** 32, seeks female travel companion for journey. Pakistan, China, India, leaving August-ish. Box 6668.

**PROFESSIONAL EX-PAT** male, fluctuating mixture of missionary, mercenary and misfit, divorced and temporarily stranded south UK, seeks female, 20-35ish, any creed or colour, for long term relationship and return to tropics before winter. Photo appreciated and returned with reply. Box 6768.

**FOUR GENTLEMEN,** wine connoisseurs, mid 20s, seek similar ladies to share occasional evenings of conviviality. Box 11967.

**Not sure which classification your ad should appear under? Leave it to us to decide for you. . .**

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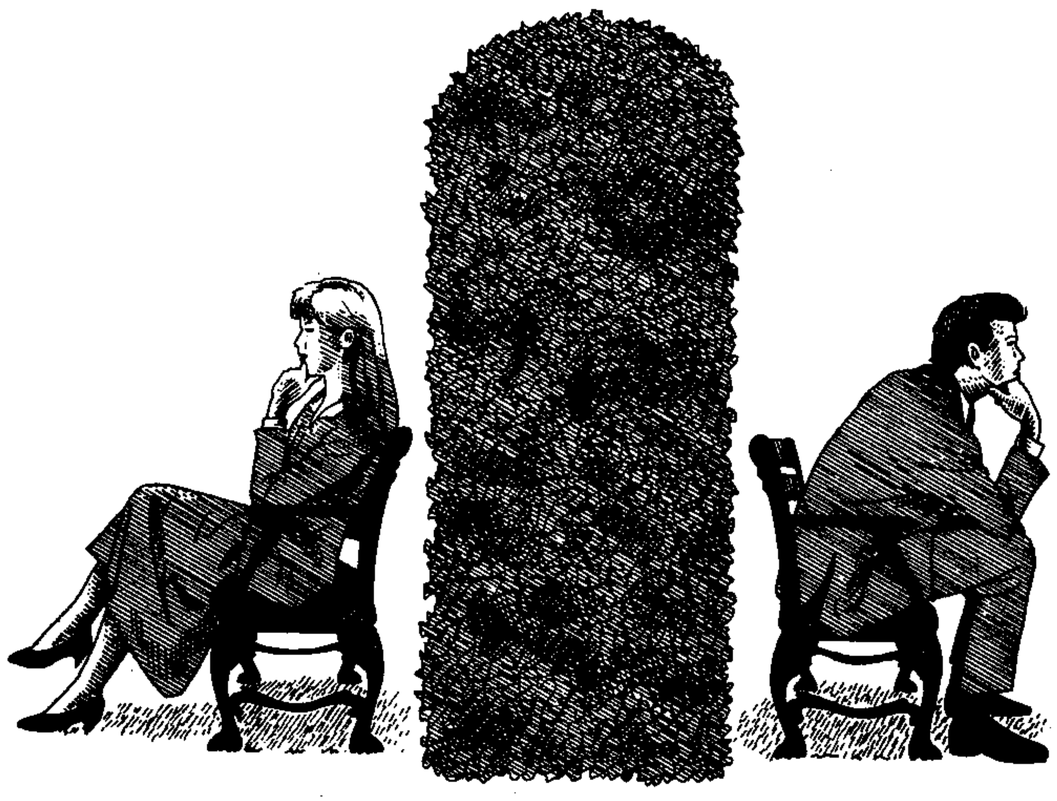
# YOU COULD TAKE A LIFETIME FINDING THE RIGHT PARTNER. WE MAY HAVE ALREADY FOUND THEM.

Understandably, many people are a little wary of Dateline. Some may feel that it's an admission of "failure" to use a service like ours.
Others may simply be sceptical about the chances of success.
But for everyone who has doubts, there are literally thousands from all walks of life who join Dateline every year.
Far from being in any way unusual, these are just ordinary people who prefer not to leave their happiness to chance.
Instead of waiting passively to see what the future may bring, they decide to grasp it with both hands. And week after week, they prove that Dateline works. This doesn't happen by accident, but by a thoughtful matching process which we have developed and refined for more than 20 years. It's worth taking a couple of minutes to learn how we go about it.



## WHO ARE YOU? WHO ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?

If you respond to this advertisement, you'll be sent a very detailed questionnaire.
First, you're asked to answer some fairly straightforward questions about yourself: your general appearance, your background, your education, religion, politics – and so on.
Next you're asked to describe the kind of person you'd like to meet by answering the same set of questions.
You can even specify WHERE you'd like to meet them. (It's little use our finding you the right person in John O'Groats if you live at Land's End).
Then the questionnaire moves on to the really crucial part, where you answer questions about your interests, your personality and what you expect from your social life and personal relationships.
(Most people find the questionnaire both enjoyable and revealing).
Once the questionnaire is completed and returned to us, our computer goes to work, checking through the records of every single Dateline member, searching for the person who best matches the picture you've built up.
And it's important to remember that the computer may already be searching for YOU on someone else's behalf.

## COMPUTERS AREN'T HUMAN

Our computer can't, of course, make relationships: only you can do that.
All the computer does is make the introductions and we find it usually selects six compatible people in each run.
Their names are given to you, all you have to do is arrange to meet. Naturally, there's no guarantee any introduction will be a success, but consider this: for once, you'll be meeting someone who POSITIVELY WANTS TO MEET YOU – and that's a good start to any relationship.
Dateline, we must stress, is not for people who think it might be a bit of a lark, but for caring people who are looking for something more. Perhaps that describes you?
If it does, fill in the coupon and we'll send you our questionnaire, together with a free copy of our paperback "All you need is love" – a book full of genuine stories of how Dateline members meet their ideal partner. Naturally, your enquiry will be dealt with in the strictest confidence.

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